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LINE-UP ON POLAND

The story goes that on one occasion when the future of Poland was being discussed, Mr. Churchill banged his fist on the table and said: "I support Stalin on this issue because he is right." This has been the consistent view of Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden throughout the whole of this prolonged frontier controversy. Nor can we see how any fair-minded man could read the Prime Minister's careful and intelligent exposition on Tuesday without seeing that the Yalta decision was right. The Curzon Line, Mr. Churchill pointed out, was laid down as the best just frontier by British Foreign Office experts who had certainly no liking for the Soviet Union, which was then weak and in the throes of a revolution. The territory east of that line was taken from Russia by the Poles as the result of an aggressive war. It goes back to Russia with modifications in favour of Poland.

That the settlement has not been endorsed by a truly representative Polish Government is not the fault of Britain or the U.S.S.R. If the London Poles had taken Britain's "faithful advice," to use Mr. Churchill's phrase, they would have returned with honour and authority to their own country last year as allies of the Soviet Union. For four years they have followed a different course. With money lavishly granted them by their Western Allies they have poured out a stream of propaganda directed at least as much against the Soviet Union as against the Germans. They have talked openly to their troops about returning to fight against Russia. Yet it is Russia which has liberated Poland, and there can be no future for Poland without Russian friendship. In the circumstances, what more could Churchill and Roosevelt do than welcome Stalin's assurance that he desired to see in Poland a freely-elected representative Government, which would run its own affairs and administer the country with the consent of the Polish people? Mr. Churchill added the very wise suggestion that Polish troops who fight with Britain and America would be given an opportunity of British citizenship if they were unwilling to return to Poland.

We cannot see what better, practicable arrangement could have been reached. Some Members were sincerely troubled about the character of the Lublin Government, about the adjustment of frontiers between Allies before the Peace, and about reports that deportations of hostile Poles may be going farther than is necessary for military security. Such libertarian arguments, however, sound unconvincing when used by the little clique of Tories who divided the House against the Yalta settlement.

Motives are mixed—Catholic solidarity, the gallantry of the Poles and the incredible suffering of their country, fear that Poland may lose its independence under the dominance of its great eastern neighbour, and dislike of even a formal infringement of the Atlantic Charter—these are all grounds on which worthy men may feel disquiet. They are not grounds that men of common sense would regard as justifying opposition. But no one who examines the records of those who oppose the settlement can doubt that care for Poland is often a cover for hostility to the U.S.S.R. About this we need add nothing to Mr. Churchill's own grave warning of the limitless disaster that it would follow a new estrangement between the U.S.S.R. and her western allies.

Mr. Churchill's speech was careful and persuasive; his case was so good and the issues so grave that he had no reason to resort to the rhetoric of which he is a master, nor to the quips and sallies with which he sometimes salts his more pugnacious utterances. He emphasised that "tough" peace terms do not mean robbing the German people of all means of subsistence. He did what he could to smooth the ruffled feathers of the French, and disclaimed any intention on the part of the Big Three to act the part of dictators. He admitted the miscalculation which has too early transferred shipping to the Far East when continued war and hunger in Europe call for it here. He paid an encomium to the Foreign Secretary, which, if it refers to his ceaseless efforts to find a solution of the Polish problem, he certainly deserves. Even when he claimed success for British policy in Greece, he did not disguise the difficulties that result from suppressing the Left in favour of would-be dictators of the Right.

The Crimean Conference has not solved the crucial problems of mankind, and it has notably postponed the main economic issues which may well dominate political controversy when the fighting ends. But the political issues must be settled, and there seems a chance that at the preliminary conference in San Francisco they will be tackled realistically on the only possible basis. There must be leadership by the three Big Powers mainly responsible for victory, with full recognition of the rights of smaller Powers. The Premier never spoke with more sincerity than when, after referring to the limitless human agony of the last three winter months, he said that he "never felt so grave responsibility as he did at Yalta." With the world as near ruin as it is to-day, it is a matter for solid satisfaction that the Big Three have at least produced an agreed ground plan on which to build.

Prelude to Climax

On both fronts this has been a good week for the Allies. In the East the offensive launched on February 23rd by Marshal Rokossovsky in Pomerania has had a sensational success; a wide breach has been torn in the enemy's lines east of Neustettin, and the Russians are already within striking distance of Köslin on the coastal road and railway linking Stettin with Danzig. This means that such forces as the German High Command succeeds in extricating from East Prussia will be cut off by a fresh encirclement west of the Corridor. The threat of an enemy counter-attack from the north against the great Russian wedge pointed at Frankfurt is being rapidly eliminated, and Marshal Zhukov's supply situation should be greatly eased now that Posen has fallen. In his advance from the south-east towards Saxony and Brandenburg Marshal Koniev has been temporarily checked on the line of the Neissa, and he has still to clear Glogau and Breslau in his rear; but the general picture is that the Red Army should be in position before the end of March for a renewed westward advance towards the Elbe. At what point will they meet Anglo-American forces? The operations in the Cologne plain, preliminary (as they must be) to a crossing of the Rhine, are going well. With practically all his armour and most of his parachute

divisions committed against Montgomery, and with Bradley's army group pinning his forces to the ground between Duren and Trier, von Rundstedt manifestly lacks reserves: transfers of Panzer divisions to the Eastern front are now costing him dear. The Allies have to negotiate a lot of difficult built-up country before they can completely "close" the Rhine below Bonn, but enemy resistance appears to be crumbling so far as infantry formations are concerned. The decisive factor will be the enemy's ability to disengage and retire behind the Rhine before disintegration is complete.

Picking-up Teams

Turkey has proclaimed war on the Axis at no visible cost to herself. Egypt in doing so lost her Prime Minister, Ahmed Maher Pasha, by assassination. The Fascist youth who thought it expedient to remove King Farouk's nominee may have exaggerated his importance. The only military consequence of Turkey's falling into line before the squad is dismissed is that our convoys will pass through the Dardanelles with shorter delays and fewer formalities. From the standpoint of the world's future organisation for peace these accessions are, however, of real importance. At their Crimean meeting the Big Three decided that "Associated" Powers, European or South American, might attend the San Francisco Conference only if they declared war on the Axis before the first of March. The principle of this decision implies acceptance of the doctrine President Wilson laid down when the Genevan League was created. "Henceforth," as he put it, "there can be no neutrals." Neutrality, in other words, when once the aggressor has been named, is a dereliction of duty. This rule will, presumably, prevail in the new world-organisation for which the Big Three are now in effect picking up their teams.

An Ill-chosen Puppet

Very rapidly General Plastiras has managed to undo much of the good results of the conclusion of peace with E.A.M. He has revived the typical institution of the Metaxas Dictatorship, the Under-Secretaryship of Public Security, which means that the gendarmerie and police will work under him without Cabinet control. The person chosen for this post is a tough royalist soldier, General Vlachos. The first result of this move was the resignation of the Liberal Minister of the Interior, Pericles Rallis, a sincere supporter of conciliation. Alarm and disapproval were felt even in circles that have no liking for E.A.M. Its leaders now claim that they have delivered up their arms and they have made to General Plastiras a general protest against the violence and partisanship of his police, which is said to be stopping the circulation of their newspapers and assaulting their disarmed officers. In other respects the Administration has shown no sign of competence. The inflation of the currency proceeds rapidly and the distribution of food very slowly. U.N.R.R.A. may eventually take charge, but not before April 1st. It grows daily clearer that we made a bad choice when we appointed General Plastiras our puppet. He had three titles to fame. He detested King Constantine; he shot six of his Ministers; he led the Greek forces of intervention in Russia. Toughness in such a situation as this is not enough. Nor is it encouraging to find the Regent Archbishop delivering a chauvinistic anti-Bulgarian speech in Salonika.

Tidying Up Rumania

It is not only in Western Europe or in British spheres of influence that liberation brings problems in its train. The Russians are clearly far from being satisfied with political developments in Rumania. Last December, when General Sanatescu (accused by the Russians of deliberate failure to fulfil the armistice terms) resigned, General Radescu became Prime Minister of a Coalition in which all the political parties were represented. It is difficult to judge his Government's performance; little news emerges from Bucharest through the double screen of Russian and Rumanian censorship. During the past fortnight, however, *Pravda* has been attacking Radescu for his "anti-democratic attitude" and has charged him with collaboration with "Fascist elements of the Antonescu regime." With or without positive encouragement from Moscow, the National Democratic Front, whose secretary is a Communist, has come out in open opposition to Radescu, whom it accuses of obstructing the promised land reforms. Last Saturday a mass N.D.F. demonstration was staged in Bucharest, Brasov and other towns; and shots were fired (until the Allied Control Commission intervened) at the demonstrators by Radescu's troops. The N.D.F. Ministers in the Government have successfully demanded Radescu's dismissal, and may now themselves form a government. With the Germans still in great force in western Hungary and on the line of the Drava, the Russian High Command cannot afford to have an "unreliable" Government in Bucharest; still less can they tolerate civil war round their southern lines of communication.

Housing Fiasco

At last the Government has had tacitly to confess to the bankruptcy of its housing policy. Pre-fabricated temporary bungalows, except the 30,000 promised from America, but not due to arrive for some time yet, and a few to be made at home, have been pigeon-holed. We are to rely after all mainly on bricks and mortar, with as much pre-fabrication of components as we can persuade the industries concerned to accept. This would be all to the good if it meant that we should in fact get more permanent houses; but there was nothing in Mr. Duncan Sandys' speech last Friday to indicate that we should. The building labour force is still falling, and in particular the supply of skilled men is getting shorter than ever; the demands of repair work are higher than expected; and there has been no switch-over from munitions to housing requisites. The muddle is even worse than seemed likely a few months ago. Mr. Sandys very likely deserves the abuse that is being heaped upon him; but the root of the trouble lies much further back. The Ministry of Health was from the very beginning most to blame. It insisted on keeping the control of post-war housing in its hands, but did nothing about it. The Ministry of Works prepared large plans for training an emergency labour force after the war, but failed to co-ordinate their plans with plans for the supply of materials, the speedy adaptation of war factories to the supply of components, and effective arrangements with the building industry for a real speed-up, based on agreed principles of post-war construction with a diluted labour force. Everywhere there has been an utter lack of drive and of co-ordinated preparatory work by the half-dozen separate departments among which responsibility has been unhappily distributed.

Mineowners and Government

The colliery owners, Mr. Foot tells us, have now accepted his plan by an overwhelming majority. Only two big Scottish concerns and a few smaller firms elsewhere disagree. The miners, to be sure, have been so impolite as to describe Mr. Foot's plan as "Coal Fascism"; but as the plan offered them nothing except a promise that the owners would bear them in mind if they were given full authority to exploit the public, Mr. Foot is not likely to be surprised at getting no warm support from that quarter. Whether he himself would have preferred to bid for the miners' support by offering them a junior partnership in exploiting the consumers we have no means of knowing. Probably he knew full well that his own employers, the colliery owners, would agree to nothing of the sort. At all events, the Foot Plan is neither more nor less than a scheme for a grand monopoly, operated with State sanction, but subject to no sort of public control, and given full power to charge what it pleases. Some papers suggest that the owne are now free to go ahead and carry their sche into effect; and this is doubtless the impressi that the Mining Association would like to conv The true position is entirely different. T Government is so far from having promised hand the mines back to the owners at the end of t war that it is pledged to consider the fut ownership and organisation of the coal indust as a matter of public policy, and not to dep from the control system until it has been considered. Obviously, this is an awkwa responsibility for the present Government; a that is why the Bill to put the Ministry of Fu and Power on a permanent basis is being p forward without any hint of what the Minis is intended to do. We presume the idea is leave the whole question over until after t General Election, and then, if the Tories get ba to give the owners the word to go ahead.

The Nation's Water

The Water Bill, which obtained a seco reading in the House of Commons last week, a good example of the inadequacy of a poli aimed at patching things up by impos Ministerial "direction" on a nineteenth-centu muddle whose structure—a multiplicity of ov lapping and unco-ordinated undertakings, so private, some municipal, some efficient, oth obsolete and uneconomic—is left unchange The powers added to the Minister of Health a almost entirely permissive; he *may* (if he is minded) call for action by undertakings create or improve piped supplies in rural are or for new towns. But, even if we postulate vigorous reformer in charge of the Ministry, efforts would be blocked by the inability of ma rural areas to finance out of rates the improv supplies they need. Moreover, the planning improved catchment remains under a differe Ministry—that of Agriculture. Until the supp of water is treated, like the provision of pos facilities, as a public service calling for organi tion on national lines, we shall get nowhere planning improved collection or distributi At present, one house in three in rural areas h no piped water. That scandal will persist un water supplies become a national concern.

Growth of Monopoly

The important paper read last week to the Ro Statistical Society by Mr. H. Leak, the Board Trade's principal statistician, and Mr. A. Maize should have been issued, and should still be issu as a White Paper. It gives at length informati needed and asked for long ago, about the deg of concentration and the prevalence of the firm in industries covered by the Census of Pr duction. It brings out very clearly the fals of the oft-repeated statement that the small bu ness is still the type responsible for the main bo of employment. The paper does not cover re trade or agriculture or transport, but o manufacture in a broad sense; but it shows th within this field, at least half the total number workers was employed in 1935 in establishme employing over 500 persons, and that in ma branches of industry the degree of concentrati was immensely higher. There is, for examp a most interesting table listing thirty-three tra in which more than 70 per cent. of the outp is in the hands of not more than three firm These figures are the more remarkable beca they take no account of trade associations agreements, under which separate firms may fact work closely together in regulating prices output. The degree of monopoly is much gre than the degree of concentration of cap revealed by Mr. Leak's figures and ought to made a matter for special investigation in con tion with the promise made by the Governm in last year's White Paper on Employm Policy. But even without this further st there is plenty in Mr. Leak's paper which should like to see followed up. We would gl know more about the three firms (or fewer) wh

ntrol 100 per cent. of the output of nickel and ckel alloys, of crude zinc and of high explosives, d of the three (or fewer) which control over per cent. in the case of manufactured fuel, eetened condensed milk, safety matches, otographic films, and gramophone records.

PARLIAMENT: The Nettle Grasped

Wednesday, noon.

HEN he began, it was almost as if the Prime inister's mind were laden with foreknowledge of he most difficult and agitating part" of his own eech: there was a dentist's waiting-room gloom in manner, and the House, catching the infection, d not interrupt at all, and cheered rarely. Yet, as e speech developed, it emerged as one of the major urchillian surveys; and the handling of the Polish ue—especially the argument for the Curzon Line not because I bow to force, but because it is the rest division")—struck Members of all views as asterly.

Mr. Speaker having had the ill luck to take a erish chill, it fell to Major Jim Milner to preside on is great occasion. He did so with dignity and scretion. His (and his deputy's) choice of subsequent eakers on the first day was piquantly varied, and as follows:

Arthur Greenwood: "It is a pity that both the blin Government and the Polish Government here re not properly consulted" (to which the P.M. s able, easily, to retort that it was impossible to ite a Polish Government to Yalta, since the great wers did not all recognise the same one).

Lord Dunglass (who is being built-up as a leading ght-wing back-bencher): "What of the anti-grandisement clause in the Anglo-Soviet Treaty? I might interpret the word 'treaty' to the Prime inister, it would be that a treaty 'is a rule and not guide.'" (An oblique allusion to the P.M.'s recent finition of the Atlantic Charter as "a guide, not a le.")

Sir W. Beveridge: "The Curzon Line has the ral basis of an impartial investigation. . . . We nnot say that the Atlantic Charter rules out the kind territorial adjustments, with transfer of population, hich is proposed here."

Sir E. Campbell: "Our prestige, our business, d everything else depends on our taking our lawful rt in the defeat of Japan."

D. Pritt: "The U.S.S.R. has a very distinguished cord, for what records are worth, of not wanting ppets around her."

Captain McEwen (Chairman of the Tory back-nchers): "This is going to be a very difficult eech to make. . . . Why should 'London' become derogatory term? I would like to know where blin was in 1940." He went on to lecture the ime Minister—of all people!—on the necessity of t being ashamed to stand alone for a just cause.

Philips Price: "The objection to the Curzon Line the part of the London Polish Government hides an old imperialist claim which the Poles have no ht in these days to substantiate."

Captain Alan Graham: "To send [Polish troops] ck to a Sovietised Poland, or to hand over Poland to e government of the Lublin Committee, with the wer that lies behind it, would be nothing less than e betrayal of innocent blood."

Tom Driberg: "In 1941–44 we advanced to the ndon Polish Government well over £40,000,000. eir demand from the British Treasury for this year £15,000,000 further."

Sir Lambert Ward: "It would be a platitude, most an impertinence, on my part to praise the nderful speech which we listened to from the me Minister . . ." (Debate adjourned).

The two best laughs at question-time greeted pplementaries by Frank Bowles, who wound up a g series of questions about 5,000,000 dumped and eless tyres by asking, "Wouldn't they do for babies' ts?" and by Commander Braithwaite, who asked, en Lady Astor was demanding the abolition of y-free liquor in the Navy: "Is the right honour-e gentleman aware that the framing of this question l do much to reconcile naval personnel in Plymouth the noble lady's forthcoming retirement?"

PONTIFEX MINOR

THE RETREAT FROM BARLOW

EVER since the Barlow Committee reported in 1940, the location of industry has been in the fore-front of the controversy about post-war planning, both in its economic aspects and as it affects the entire structure of our society. Where people work, there, or nearby, they must live; and accordingly location of industry and town and country planning are not two separate questions, but two aspects of one and the same question. Yet the Government has chosen to deal with them as if they were entirely unconnected; and the Ministry of Town and Country Planning does not appear at all in the Bill dealing with control of location which has at length been brought forward under the auspices of the Board of Trade.

There is another curious feature about the Bill when it is compared with the Barlow Report. That Report was chiefly concerned with the "southward trend" of industry, and in particular with the piling-up of new industrial development in the neighbourhood of London. It gave close attention to the London problem, and made special proposals for the control of industrial location in the Greater London area. The new Bill, on the other hand, contains no specific reference to London, and is, indeed, for the most part not a measure dealing with the control of location, but rather a continuation and extension of the pre-war legislation passed to help the depressed areas. Its main provisions relate to these areas—now rechristened "Development Areas"; and the parts of the Bill which deal with the wider aspects of location are, by comparison, unimportant.

The "Development Areas" are a considerable improvement on the pre-war "Special Areas." Practically the whole of industrial South Wales and Monmouthshire and of the industrial North-East coast are now included; and the Scottish area is also much more widely defined. Cardiff and Swansea, Newcastle-on-Tyne, all Clydeside and even Dundee will now be included within the areas eligible for special help; and the powers of the Government to act within these areas will be much larger. The Board of Trade will be able to acquire land, establish industrial estates, build factories and make grants for the improvement of basic services. The Treasury will be empowered to make grants or loans to ordinary profit-making concerns in order to encourage them to set up factories and expand operations in the "Development Areas." This last provision (immediately expedient though it may be) will obviously need careful watching.

In addition, there will be power to add new Development Areas, as well as to remove areas from the list if they seem no longer to need special help. Any proposal to vary the list will require an affirmative resolution in both Houses of Parliament—a proceeding which seems to imply that it will not be often used. The question that here arises is what is meant to happen when the need for special help exists, not over a wide region such as South Wales or the Scottish industrial belt, but in a single town or district falling geographically within a region which as a whole is relatively prosperous, and therefore ineligible under the Bill for being scheduled as a Development Area. Such cases are very likely to arise, especially if places that have been developed during the war as dispersal centres for new industry are left derelict when the war ends; but there seems to be no possibility of doing anything at all for them under this Bill.

There are, however, some provisions in the Bill which travel beyond the domain of the Special Areas. In future, in all areas, plans for the erection of new factories with a floor space of more than 3,000ft. are to be notified to the Board of Trade, which will, however, have power to exempt any particular class of undertaking from the need to notify. The value of this provision is largely nullified by the fact that it applies only to new undertakings, and not apparently to extensions of existing undertakings; so that firms will be free to extend existing works, including works bought up for the purpose, without even notifying their intention. Nor will the Board of Trade have any power to prevent anybody from putting a new factory wherever he pleases, save in exceptional cases. Notification in itself involves no power of control; and control will exist only in areas which are specially scheduled for this purpose as areas where further industrial development is undesirable. These can be so scheduled only by affirmative resolutions in both Houses of Parliament.

No doubt, given an energetic Government determined to make use of its powers and assured of support in both Houses of Parliament, this procedure might be effective in checking the development of industry in the neighbourhood of London or in other parts of the country where such development is regarded as socially or economically undesirable. But, in practice, it seems most unlikely to have this effect. It is much more likely to be used for the purpose of preserving beauty spots—a desirable, but very limited, objective. The Board of Trade is given power to acquire derelict land and to develop it either for productive use or for the improvement of local amenity. Alternatively, the Board of Trade can assist local authorities in undertaking this type of reclamation; and in practice this seems much the likelier course to be followed. There is, however, no hint that this power is in any way related to other aspects of planning—for example, to the post-war work of the Forestry Commission.

In effect, the present Bill, if it had been brought in before the outbreak of war, would have been welcomed as a sensible strengthening of the Special Areas Acts, but would even then have been open to criticism for the inadequacy of its proposals to control location, and especially for its failure to make any attempt at dealing with the already pressing problems of Greater London. Introduced now, it must appear quite grotesquely inadequate to anyone who believes at all in the desirability of a "planned economy" or the necessity of taking strong measures to bring about a sustained condition of full employment. It may be answered that, in the period immediately after the war, control over the location of industry can be exercised more effectively by the granting or withholding of building permits than by any direct system of licensing industrial development. But, though it is true that, for a year or two, control could be applied in this way, it is not easy to see strong control of this kind being worked in conjunction with a weak system of direct licensing limited to a few specially scheduled areas.

The present Bill confirms the conclusion which the public reached when the Town and Country Planning Bill was under debate last year. As far as the present Government is concerned, there is to be no general post-war planning and no attempt to give practical substance to the mild protestations of the economists who put some of their views into the White Paper on Employment. The Government means the country to revert after the war to a system of private enterprise, modified only by adding a few more hurdles for the business-man to leap over, and a few glasses of stimulating subsidy to give him the spirit to attempt the leap.

By all means let what can be done with the Bill be done. It can be really useful to all the varied areas which the Government and Parliament can be induced to label, now or later, as "Development Areas." As a contribution to major matters of economic and social planning, it amounts to little or nothing. And it confirms our belief that this Government has no real understanding of or interest in the implications of a full employment policy. In short, Mr. Dalton is to be congratulated in his capacity as Minister responsible for the welfare of the former Distressed Areas, but condoled with on his failure to persuade his colleagues to adopt any real planning of post-war economic development.

THE ARGENTINE BAMBOOZLE

PUBLIC opinion in this country and the United States is neither amused nor deceived when Franco makes one of his half-hearted attempts to dissociate himself from the Nazis. Too much is on the record, our own fate has been too closely bound up with the Spanish tragedy for his insolence and duplicity to escape our memories. But his opposite number in Argentina, General Farrell, the guitar-playing *caudillo* of the regime, has high hopes that he can succeed where Franco has failed. Far too little is known here about the real character of the Argentine dictatorship or of the way it is closely supervised by its Falangist and Nazi mentors. Farrell, therefore, may not have been altogether deceiving himself in his recent efforts to jump on to the Allied band wagon. He knows that he can trade not only upon the widespread ignorance and confusion about Latin American politics, but also on the covert encouragement and good will of important commercial and political circles in this country.

Since none of the Big Three now maintain ambassadors in Buenos Aires, we must assume that Farrell was not officially informed of the Crimea decision to recognise as Associate Nations all those States which had declared war on Germany by the first day of March. But it cannot have been difficult for him to draw the proper conclusions from the behaviour of other neutral countries, amongst them some of his neighbours. We do not do him the injustice of assuming that he wished to be represented at San Francisco in order to help shape a stable peace system, though, even before the announcement of the April conference, he was preparing the way for a demonstrative adherence to the cause of the United Nations. The Crimea meeting has only increased his anxiety lest this manoeuvre should be too late. So the carefully arranged diplomatic dispute with Germany over the return of some consular officials is inflated to the size of a *casus belli*—after having been deliberately left in cold storage for just such an occasion : Argentina dispatches a Note to Berlin in which she purports to make common cause with Britain ; German funds in Buenos Aires are frozen ; and Argentine shipping is, for the first time, permitted to call at ports in the European war zone. These measures, however, represent no sudden change in policy. Some minor internal changes have already been carried through to lend colour to the carefully fostered reports that Argentina is revising her domestic as well as her foreign policy ; for Farrell realises that something must be done to make his regime more acceptable in democratic company. That slight modifications in the façade of the dictatorship can delude opinion in this country, is shown by the comment of the *Observer*, which discovered evidence that "the so-called Argentine Revolution is drawing to its close and Fascist tendencies are beginning to disappear."

Nothing is more dangerous than to underestimate the strength of Fascism in any country where it has taken root. But in the case of Argentina there is a widespread tendency to deny that the military dictatorship is anything more than a particularly successful version of the familiar Latin American model. On the contrary, however, it is the first in the Western Hemisphere to introduce the corporate economy, political institutions and ideology characteristic of Fascism in Europe, specifically imitating the Falangist system in Spain, whose historical roots it shares. The G.O.U., the "military party" which has controlled the regime since the original revolt in June, 1943, has throughout received guidance and support from Franco and from the Nazis. German agents and funds have continued to pass to Buenos Aires *via* Madrid ; the fact that Argentina broke off diplomatic relations with Berlin over a year ago has made no difference at all to this liaison.

It is time that the United Nations realised that, to Fascism, normal diplomatic conventions mean nothing. Once upon a time, it would have been reasonable to assume that if two nations were at war with one another they were enemies, not associates. To-day, if Argentina declared war it would be precisely because she is Hitler's Ally, not because Nazism has threatened her most vital national interests. This paradox is only strange if we fail to consider General Farrell's motives. When Argentine Fascism seized power, the defeat of Germany in the field was already inevitable. To have declared support for this waning cause would have been the most useless folly for a dictatorship as yet unconsolidated, isolated from Europe, and lacking all the necessary means to resist any real pressure from the democracies. Only if Argentina could succeed in provoking a number of similar revolts in neighbouring republics, which could then form a *bloc* against the United States, play off her potential opponents against each other, and build up a relatively strong army, could the colonels' clique survive. But if they could survive, then Argentina would become the refuge of the principles, practice and leaders of European Fascism until such time as conditions permitted its resurgence. In order to secure and protect that hide-out, no deception, no trick, no political contradiction is too great. If the idea of Nazi leaders hiding in Argentina seems too fantastic, it is because we assume their flight as a public gesture. But if they go unannounced, are concealed in the vast backlands, Argentina could safely invite Allied search commissions to find them and deny their presence with impunity.

It is with this in mind that the World Trade Union Conference rightly indicted further toleration of Argentina. But a great deal remains to be done before Farrell can be finally stripped of his illusions, for he is well aware of the differences between the United States and Britain which prevent the Allies from arriving at a clear and agreed policy on this question. Anybody who examines the policy of the State Department during the last two years cannot fail to be convinced that Mr. Hull, and now Mr. Stettinius, have been working along the right lines. Mr. Stettinius, moreover, will have done what he can at the Pan-American Conference now meeting in Mexico to secure the consent of the Latin American states to a much stiffer attitude towards the Argentine colonels. But State Department, even Pan-American policy is one thing ; it is a different matter to persuade Whitehall of the size of the problem. We must say quite bluntly that one of the chief reasons for the success of Argentine Fascism and its continued survival is Anglo-American commercial rivalry, both real and potential. Argentina is the one fairly strong bridgehead which British commerce and finance possess in the Western Hemisphere. Rather than see Argentina pass into Pan-America, and hence under the greater influence of the U.S., we have been prepared to tolerate what the *Economist* last August called "the untidiness" of Argentina, in the interest of "cordial Anglo-Argentine relations." The large British investments and pre-war markets in the Argentine seem to dazzle the political vision of London.

That way lies disaster. Appeasement inspired by fear of American business activities is a poor substitute for an intelligent foreign economic policy. But, we are told, Britain is dependent upon Argentine meat supplies. In fact, calculations made by the Confederation of Latin American Workers and in the United States show that even if the U.S.A. alone were required to supply this country in default of Argentine shipments, it would only involve a reduction of meat consumption in the U.S. to the 1939 level.

It is not an easy task to turn about and deal with a new enemy who at once offers professions of friendship and exercises economic blackmail. But if one lesson can be learnt from the pre-war years in Europe it is that in dealing with Fascism it is never too soon to cut one's losses and disregard nineteenth-century etiquette. If sanctions are necessary against Argentina, then it is better to have them sooner than later. If the main obstacle to agreement on this matter British doubts about American motives, the quicker the two Allies reach an agreement trade policy the better. What is needed to-d is an approach to issues of markets and inve ments which accords with the needs of the ba ward countries as much as those of the Gr Powers. The problem of Argentina is as mu economic as political ; and that is true of oth nations in Latin America over whose econom foreign monopolies have a powerful grip. The is room enough for British investment a American capital, for British machinery, c and textiles as well as American exports, Argentina, if the two large nations are prepar to assist in the development of industry and balanced economy in that country. Once t fact is digested, it will be easier to meet Fascist challenge to the Americas. We wa no more of this insolent bamboozling. T serenades of General Farrell, the musical gauch are not required at San Francisco. Nor, imagine, would the Argentinos greatly miss t strains of his guitar in the Casa Rosado.

A LONDON DIARY

FOR the second time President Benes returns liberated Czechoslovakia. But the differenc between the two occasions are more striking th their resemblance. This time only part of t country is freed from the German, and no o knows how much of it will be left when t fighting is over. Moreover, Benes goes back n *via* Moscow and in the wake of the Red Arm Last time, Czechoslovakia was built as part the French system against Germany and as barrier against Bolshevism. This time, Be goes to Moscow with no special alliance with t West, and Czechoslovakia looks like becomi not an eastern outpost of a Western democra but a western outpost of a Central European fo of Soviet Socialism.

* * *

The new Czechoslovakia will be much less ce tralised, for Slovakia will be granted as mu self-government as it wants. There will many fewer Sudeten Germans—the official fo cast is that 800,000 may remain out of abo three million. No doubt many will go of th own accord rather than wait for the vengean of the Czechs, whom they betrayed and o pressed. Since many of them knew the langua and all the inside life of Czechoslovakia they w peculiarly fitted to humiliate and maltreat t Czechs. Some the Czechs will dispose of cutting off purely German bits of the Sude areas that were included in Czechoslova against the advice of Masaryk and Benes. Th will leave hundreds of thousands whom it official policy to turn out into the Reich difficult operation, if it involves going to a pur German town like Carlsbad and ordering famil to pack up and be off into the chaotic horror Germany. We shall see how far this policy practical when it comes to the point ; it will economically and socially difficult in view of t close business and personal relationships of ma Czechs and Germans. In any case the number Germans in Czechoslovakia will be greatly reduc As for Ruthenia, the population is Ukrain and if it becomes part of the Soviet Uni the Czechs will not object. But no structural frontier changes can take place until liberat is complete. The Czech Government w properly stands on its treaty rights, and the Al have guaranteed the restoration of pre-Mun frontiers. I understand this view has been f accepted in Moscow.

* * *

There remains the question of forming a Czech Government in Moscow. My forecas that President Benes will appoint members five parties. There will be Communists, Socia Liberals of the President's own party, Catho and some progressive Agrarian representat

Communists, who are likely to be the strongest rty in the Government, will certainly ask for me of the most important portfolios—to the clusion of Right Wing Agrarians who used to ld the Interior and the Ministry of War. I told, in any case, that the Right Wing grarians, who have the worst record of collabora-n, would be rejected, not only by the Com-unists, but by all the other parties.

* * *

Recent incidents in which anti-Nazi prisoners war have been beaten up or, on one occasion, tually murdered by Nazis in prisoner-of-war mps do seem at last to be making an impact the official mind. Some of us have been itating for the segregation of Nazi prisoners the last three years, and George Strauss, who been admirably persistent, supported by r. Hynd and others, really bothered Sir James rigg on the subject in the House last week. letter also appeared in the *Times*, promoted by Progressive League and signed by Vernon rtlett, Professor Flugel, Michael Redgrave, . Joad and others. A deputation is to wait on Secretary of State. It is making, I understand, r chief points. One is that Nazis should be gregated and not allowed to run camps which ntain an anti-Nazi minority; the second is that ti-Nazi German papers should be allowed in camps; the third that prisoners of war should encouraged to speak their mind when com-ints are asked for—which would mean the ointment of special welfare officers. Fourthly t sounds comic that one should have to ask for h a thing—prisoners should be allowed to en to the B.B.C. Probably nowhere else in the rld are Nazi views now so dominant as in ied prisoner-of-war camps, because everywhere , even in Germany, there is some competition h non-Nazi views from foreign radio stations, derground infiltration, etc. But that a single rman who holds anti-Nazi views should be jected to maltreatment by Nazis in this country always seemed to me one of the most ironic wicked things in this war. It is only in the last months that separate camps have been set up a small number of anti-Nazi Germans.

* * *

wish I could be sure that these fresh pro-als for a Severn Barrage are not destined to et the fate of their predecessors. We have n talking about this idea on and off ever since last war, when it was one of the important emes put forward by the then Ministry of onstruction. With a lot of other things that ttered it got felled by the Geddes axe; but opped up again in 1924 and again in 1930; in 1933 the Severn Barrage Committee put ward a perfectly sensible and attractive sum-y of the whole business. This, with a few or changes, has been endorsed by the new ort. In fact, as Lord Templemore said in rch, 1943, so much has been said about the eme that it holds "an unchallenged place as classic in hydro-electric literature." Like t Stationery Office classics it is admired but e read. The main reason for re-editing it seems to be the promise that it would each release nearly a million tons of coal for r purposes. We shall need as much of it e can get for plastics and for export. Indeed, with other good schemes, the fact that it employ a lot of labour is only a secondary sideration. It will provide cheap electricity so stimulate the growth of new industries in th Wales and the West Country. Anything ch helps to put an end to the drift to London esirable. The barrage would also do much evive canal traffic and make communications h Wales easier and cheaper. Public works? of the creative kind.

* * *

very time the Severn scheme is brought for-d, somebody asks why concentrate on this icular dam and why not do a great deal more t hydro-electricity everywhere? The answer at the Severn is peculiar in that it has a five-flow and a seven-hour ebb as well as an unusually large difference between high and low water. Even with this characteristic, the problem of storage is sufficiently great. As far as I remember, the original scheme proposed a second dam on the Wye above Tintern Abbey to form a storage reservoir into which water could be pumped when the turbines were running on outgoing tides at slack periods. This ingenious device prevents the waste of surplus electricity, and I doubt if there is another river in Britain which offers the peculiar opportunities of the Severn. The oddest scheme of this sort of which I have heard was that of boring holes in the foreshore which would fill with water as the sea came in and then run out through turbines as it ebbed.

* * *

Not long ago I heard a sharp argument over the dinner-table about whether, under the influence of background music and so forth, the British were losing any musical sensibility they had, or whether, on the contrary, something like a musical renaissance was taking place in England. A letter from a factory worker in the south of England has just reached me which widens the scope of this controversy. My correspondent has taken the trouble to note down what B.B.C. programmes in his canteen are kept on and which switched off. His notes, kept in detail over a week, show, as one might expect, that classical music, though very occasionally allowed to continue, gains little attention, while jazz is the only really popular fare. He deduces from this that the public taste is low. I suggest that the inference is possibly mistaken. Even if quite a substantial minority would like classical music, they could not *listen* to it in a clatter of knives and forks and general conversation. The only statistical test lies in the number of people who in quiet surroundings at home or in concert halls deliberately settle down to listen to serious music. And here the evidence from the provinces, as well as from such an astonishing success as the National Gallery concerts, is that the number who want to hear good music in conditions in which they can appreciate it has increased.

* * *

It happens that two other letters have just reached me which tell a significant story about popular interest in the arts. The first comes from an N.C.O. in Montgomery's Army. He describes the first performance in a local Garrison Theatre of an E.N.S.A.-sponsored Anglo-Polish Ballet. For the first time most of the men saw "Les Sylphides," "Cracow Wedding," and other dances of the same kind. The performance was greeted with a "wild ovation." He adds "instead of the usual rush for the door at the end, there were five curtain calls in response to sustained and sincere applause. This in spite of indifferent orchestra, bad lighting and a very small stage which seriously cramped movement, depriving 'Sylphides' of much of its mystery and grace." There was none of the usual cat calls and whistles when a pretty girl came on the stage, and none of the usual half audible jibes which usually accompany some bits of an E.N.S.A. show. He says: "we cannot compete with America when it comes to elaborately vulgar stage and cinema productions, so why not vary the appearance of the inevitable concert party with visits from Sadlers Wells Ballet?"

* * *

The second letter gives pleasant news of a really live and creative group of enthusiasts in the Allied forces who have formed a "Three Arts Club" in Naples. The Club is supported entirely by its membership, though I am glad to say it has the encouragement of the Education Corps. It holds exhibitions of paintings, organises concerts and, not the least important part of its work, it has set up a panel of reviewers who read and criticise original work submitted to them. This must mean a lot to men of all ranks who have developed a wish or capacity to write since they left England. Last December, the Club arranged an Arts Festival for which it received nearly three hundred literary entries, forty musical compositions and a hundred and fifty art exhibits. Italian artists and writers have given the Club a great deal of support, and Croce has written a foreword to an admirable little collection of writings sent to me. The more of this sort of thing we can foster the better. The Club committee would be glad to accept any appropriate books or musical scores that are sent to it at 68, Via Santa Brigida, Naples. CRITIC

THE ROOT OF THE TROUBLE

Gen. de Gaulle has been resting at his home, following dental treatment.—News item, *Manchester Guardian.*

The reason may now be disclosed
Why France rebuffed Roosevelt's "come hither—"
Her most sensitive nerve was exposed,
And her best friends could do nothing with her.
The venom that seemed to be working
They could not locate nor control
Till poison was found to be lurking
At the root of the tooth of de Gaulle.

Now France to the General defers
As her saviour, her head and defender,
So it follows his toothache is hers
When the nerves of the General are tender.
His pangs must arouse indignation
Which poisons relations Allied,
And the General's advanced inflammation
Inflamed France's national pride.

The American crisis acute
Redoubled de Gaulle's self-assertion,
But the trouble when traced to the root
Was not shown as a rooted aversion.
Though while France and de Gaulle kept their distance
And behaved in a manner uncouth
The American Entente's existence
Might be said to have hung by a tooth.

But goodwill by toothache obscured
Is more lasting than poisoned affection,
And the crisis by dentistry cured
Only needed a local injection.
No poisonous aims were imputed,
No venom has seared France's soul,
And the root of the trouble's uprooted
With the root of the tooth of de Gaulle.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to A. Crozier-Cole.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Mrs. M.—, of Bath, collected £5 for the Duke of Gloucester's Fund for the Red Cross and St. John from members of the public who came to see the "pictures" which formed on the walls of her house presumably owing to damp. One of these self-formed portraits bore a remarkable resemblance to the Russian leader, Stalin.—*Bath and Wilts Chronicle and Herald.*

The crews cannot undergo the same rigid training as they would in peace time. Even a Boat Race crew has to exist on austerity rations. They are trying to overcome that by eating their own food and then going to a café for another meal. —*Evening News.*

Gent's fawn light raincoat, suit 5 ft. 8 in. height, 12 stone man, with 6 whisky bottles in pockets; offer.—Advt. in *Brighton & Hove Herald.*

Surely our best war memorial would be a Statue of Liberty on Dover Cliffs showing Mr. Churchill facing Europe with folded arms, cigar and all, the cigar to be lit at night. And we should make the Germans build it with marble supplied by the Wops. —Letter in *Sunday Express.*

PASTORAL: 1945

[*The following is taken from a letter written to his mother, from France, by a young doctor in the R.A.M.C.*]

LIFE isn't too bad in spite of the intense cold, but I feel an older and a wiser man since last I wrote. We occupied a village a while back, a nightmare village of sorrow and destruction, and I think we saw for the first time the full significance and horror of this war. The Germans had pulled out and we entered unopposed. Practically every house was a complete ruin and absolutely uninhabitable by normal standards; the only civilians we saw were mal-nourished but red-faced with weeping; the only sounds distant gunfire and the local crying of women. Clean fresh snow, bright sunshine, a clear blue sky and the exhilaration of a day's march through lovely country could do nothing to stop life being anything but foul. I don't think I've ever been so completely depressed as I was in that village.

Almost before I had got my post set up in what had been a grocer's shop, it was discovered that I was a doctor, and messages were coming in from civilians who looked to a doctor as someone who could help. And that was the worst part about it; I was numb and felt useless, completely and loathsomely selfish, I suppose, and just longed to escape and get away from it all. That night I spent examining week-old wounds, foul and septic and untreated, examining them in dirty cellars amongst crowds of miserable people by the light of poor-quality candles, or rather, I should say, candle, probably the last in the house. But the wounds were easy enough; I could dress them and get them away to a surgeon. My real problems were the sick, problems which in normal circumstances would be quite simple, and problems which at the time I thought I couldn't solve—and didn't want to; I wanted to escape. How vital it is to be optimistic in this world, how vital not to be too sensitive. Had I not "just hoped for the best," I don't think I could have got over the difficulties as well as I did.

One of my cases was a month-old baby; it was obviously ill, had a nasty cough, and was feverish. I realised straight away that I knew absolutely nothing about sick kids and only wanted to ask another doctor. But, of course, there weren't any. Well, I didn't think it had pneumonia, bronchitis or gastro-enteritis, but I found that it was being rubbed with dirty raw lard (a local cure-all apparently) and had got a rash from that. I discovered that nineteen adults lived in the same filthy cellar the size of our dressing room and that the window only let in air because one pane was broken. With ridiculous assurance I told the mother that there was nothing to worry about, to give the baby a warm bath, to apply no more lard, to clear out the other adults as much as possible and to have the baby near the window. Oh, yes, I also simplified the diet. And went my way wondering if the kid would die in the night, and feeling as useless as ever I've felt I prayed hard that night. I didn't go to see the baby next morning, but by 5 o'clock I had plucked up enough courage. Isn't this a good tale? It lay on my knee and gurgled happily as I tickled its chin—as healthy a baby as ever I've seen in my life!

But I haven't told you the background to the tragedy of that village. On Christmas Eve the Germans had marched off all the young active men of the district and most of the young attractive women, the former for German labour camps, the latter for the brothels with which the Germans try to keep their labour camps happy and contented. Lord knows that was bad enough, but in that district the Maquis had shot up a Gestapo car in the summer and killed an S.S. General, so there were additional reprisals. Part of the village was pillaged completely, then burned down and put out of bounds to civilians. At Christmas there was a German celebration of the event on the looted wine and good things stolen. It wasn't until the Germans had been driven out that the villagers explored their ruined homes; in one café they found the bodies of thirty-four of their young men, battered and bruised and then shot through the head and left to freeze where they fell. And that was how we and the villagers found them. One man had escaped and hid up till the German departure. He told the eye-witness tale, one S.S. officer had shot the lot in cold blood one after the other. It must have taken a good half-hour.

Isn't it incredible? I never believed those atrocity tales, I dismissed them as mere propaganda, but there it was in real life for us all to see, and it made us realise just why and against what we were fighting. Every shattered home I visited had one or more close relatives killed. Many of my patients had lost everything and everybody they loved, and they were stunned, they only wished to die. Others had fevers from starvation, many were the old folk with swollen ulcerated legs, they had not been to bed for three weeks, and their hearts were no longer up to maintaining full circulation in their dependent limbs. "You'll have to go to bed with your legs raised; I can give you dressings, I'll show you how to apply them and you'll soon be as fit as could be." That was all very well, all the beds had been destroyed, most of the mattresses looted, the windows broken and the weather too cold to lie down at any distance from a fire. The difficulties were amazing, everything had been stolen, the simplest household remedy was missing; it was no earthly good prescribing anything which I couldn't supply myself. Then, of course, there were serious illnesses as well, pneumonia, rheumatic fever and others. One little girl was covered with septic sores, her little fingers were all stuck together with pus, and she wept with pain on the slightest touch. I prescribed the treatment, but it was too difficult for her mother, and one of my great tough parachutist orderlies took her in hand and I left him to it. When I returned she was sitting on his knee, he had won her with chocolate and they were giggling with fun as he bathed each finger and dressed each one with a gentleness only found in the strongest men. After a few days, and it took a good hour each day, every sore was healed and dry.

TELEPATHY, PRESENT AND FUTURE

PEOPLE in this country are curiously ignorant of the work which has been done on telepathy during the last fifteen years in England and the U.S.A. The subject, moreover, is unfortunately apt to be technical as regards both the precautions taken to guard against fraud and the statistical work involved in assessing deviations from chance. The philosophical implications are, however, of the first importance, and it is to these that I wish to draw attention.

First, a brief outline of the facts. It was in March, 1934, that Professor Rhine published his book *Extra-Sensory Perception*, which inaugurated the modern phase of experimental work. His procedure was briefly as follows. Packs of twenty-five cards were prepared, the cards being inscribed with geometrical diagrams such as a rectangle, a star, a plus sign and so on. There were five such diagrams, and each diagram appeared on five cards in each pack. The experiments consisted in asking somebody to name the order in which the cards were arranged in the pack. There were three variations. First, the guesser named each card as it was removed face downwards from the pack. Secondly, he named the order of the cards as they lay face downwards in a pack on the table, no card being touched or moved. Thirdly, he named the order of the cards by guessing the images present in the mind of another person who was looking at them. The first two were experiments in clairvoyance, the third in telepathy. Most of the people experimented with gave answers which did not rise above the "chance" figure. It presently became apparent, however, that some were producing results which were considerably in excess of it. A group of about eight of these were according subjected to a prolonged and intensive series experiments with surprising results.

For example, in the course of 2,250 witnesse trials in the first type of clairvoyant experimen one person called 869 cards correctly. This 419 above the "chance" figure, and constitute an average of 9.7 correct calls for each pack twenty-five cards. Another subject returned average of 14.7 correct calls for each pack twenty-five cards over 300 different trials. some of the experiments the caller was separate from the cards by a screen, in others by a wa and in others by a quadrangle, the caller bein at one end of a long college building and th cards being turned in a room at the other. Th telepathy experiments returned similar result For example, in 3,400 trials an average of 11 correct calls per twenty-five cards was returne the mind reader and the person whose mind w being read being situated in different rooms.

Publication of these results initiated a lon course of experimental work. "I do not know, says Mr. Whateley Carington in his recent published book *Telepathy*,* "how many trial Rhine and his associates have now observed how many subjects they have examined, but th first must by now run well into millions and th second into hundreds." The results have bee impugned on the ground of fraud. I canno here recount the precautions taken to guar against this, but the main objection to the frau hypothesis is to my mind psychological. Is i really credible that half a dozen members a university staff working with a constantly changing group of students would have bee content to conduct monotonous experiment extending over many years with no othe object than that of making fools of on another? Is it further credible that, if this wer indeed the case, nobody would have given th game away? But as a result of ten year discussion and further research the charge fraud has very largely fallen to the ground.

In England experiments in extra-senso perception have been carried out by D Thouless, Mr. G. N. M. Tyrrell and Mr. Whatel Carington of the Council of the Society Psychical Research, who has carrried out series of novel experiments with drawing In general, the English results have not been impressive as the American. After one set experiments by Dr. Thouless, I remembe seeing an article from an American psychologi explaining their almost entirely negative resu on the ground that the English are so reserve and do not, therefore, throw their mind open to direct inspection by other minds readily as the more expansive Americans.

It is from England, however, that the most sur prising development is reported. In Decembe 1943, there was published by the S.P.R. a pap entitled *Experiments in Precognitive Telepath* by S. G. Soal and K. M. Goldney. The Soa Goldney experiments follow the Rhine metho with certain refinements designed to prevent th possibility not only of fraud but of hype aesthesia. They are, that is to say, designed ensure that no abnormal sharpening of the sense whether of hearing, touch or sight, on the part the percipient can be invoked in explanation the results. The experiments involved fo persons:

(1) an experimental controller of the age (E.A.);
(2) the agent (A);
(3) the controller of the percipient (E.P.);
(4) the percipient (P).

Five cards each representing a different anim are laid out face downwards in a row in fro of A; E.A. calls a number at random, say A takes up and looks at the fourth card the row; P. sitting in another room guess the card at which A is looking, and E verifies the synchronisation of calls a guesses. Observers, of whom I was one, have fo

* Methuen, 12*s.* 6*d.*

time to time been present to satisfy themselves that the arrangements were fool-proof.

The new and distinctive feature of the experiment is that while P's guesses of the cards simultaneously looked at by A did not vary from chance, he was found to be returning guesses largely in excess of chance in respect of the card *about to be looked at* by A. In other words, if the "lookings" by A are numbered 1, 2, 3 and the guesses by P numbered A.B.C., guess A was in excess of chance in regard to "looking" 2, guess B in regard to "looking" 3 and so on. In short, P appears to know not what is happening *now* in A's mind but what is about to happen. (For the benefit of those interested in statistics, the excess in the case of the "one ahead" guessing is equivalent to 13·6 standard deviations, with odds of more than 10^{25} to 1 against chance.) The rate of guessing for 25 calls varied between the limits of 50 and 60 seconds. When, however, the rate was speeded up, the card in respect of which P's guesses were considerably in excess of chance was not one but two ahead of the card being concentrated upon by A.

It is clear that these results raise in a new form two important problems. First, the problem of direct communication between minds; secondly, the problem of our knowledge of the future. It is, of course, frequently denied that direct communication takes place. I do not see how in the light of the experiments in extra-sensory perception which have taken place over the last fifteen years this denial can be sustained. It is again sometimes urged that telepathy occurs most frequently among organisms less highly developed than ourselves. Bergson, for example, and D. H. Lawrence have both in different ways and for different reasons tended to deplore the overdevelopment of the intellect, because it encroached upon and weakened our intuitive and instinctive faculties. Now nobody denies that instinctive sympathy exists between birds, or that savages have modes of communication which are inaccessible to us. There seems, however, to be good reason for thinking that in both cases the phenomena are due to hyperaesthesia, that is to say, to a development of the *senses* which enables the savage to take cognisance of faint indications of leaf and twig, face and form, which are beyond the range of our senses, while sensory perception has been invoked as the explanation of homing and migration in birds. Extra-sensory perception seems to be a faculty which emerges, as it were, on top of the intellectual processes, its development being subsequent and not prior to that of the intellect.

Shaw has suggested that the Life Force develops in its creatures those faculties and capacities which are immediately necessary to enable them to raise life to the next level of evolutionary development. Shaw thought that the most immediately necessary capacity was that of longer living; I suggest that it may be that of direct communication between the minds. The present arrangement whereby we infer what is going on in another person's mind from the movements of his body and, more particularly, from the sounds which occur in his larynx, is extremely precarious and puts a premium upon hypocrisy and deception. If we had direct access to one another's minds, falsehood would disappear, deception would be impossible, virtue would be increased and a number of familiar vices would cease to be practicable. There would also, I imagine, be unemployment among diplomats and some statesmen. It is not clear how much polite social intercourse, as we know it to-day, would be able to survive. On balance, however, I conclude that the result of such an evolutionary advance would be a net gain. These experiments then, may bear witness to the first faltering intimations of a new thrust forward on the part of the purposive force which expresses itself in the evolutionary process.

The second problem has been raised for most of us in Mr. Dunne's fascinating book *An Experiment with Time*. It is a disturbing problem because it is difficult to see how a future event can be known, unless the future event in some sense exists. If some future events exist, it is difficult to see how we can avoid the conclusion that the future exists. If it does, what becomes of free will? The fact that P knows not future events in his own mind but future events in somebody else's mind, provides an interesting complication whose implications it is difficult to gauge. How a knowledge of future events would serve the purpose of Shaw's Life Force is not clear. It may, however, be the case that creatures on a higher evolutionary level than ourselves might be able to tolerate knowledge which in us would weaken will and sap effort.

C. E. M. JOAD

RADIO NOTES

"GRAMOPHONE Records" is, I believe, at once the most self-effacing and most consistently successful department of the B.B.C. (It is run separately from Music Department.) Those who run it have, it will be said, an easy time of it, if you compare their job with the problems that beset the purveyors of "live" music: they have the greatest orchestras and soloists of the world at their command, while the Music Department has usually to make do with something inferior to the best. All the same, I wonder if musical people generally are as grateful as I am for the record programmes. They are most imaginatively composed. A net which is set mainly to catch the casual listener has to be widely flung, and the variety and excellence of the programmes devised by Gerald Abraham is apt to go unregarded because of the comparative unobtrusiveness with which they are publicised. The collation of a single week's programmes—ignoring Music Diary, which occurs every morning at 7.30 and proves an invariably stimulating *aubade*—revealed symphonies by Haydn, Berlioz and Elgar, the Brahms-Haydn Variations, concertos by Rachmaninoff and Shostakovitch, Serenade movements by Mozart, Bizet, Dvořak, Delius and Tchaikovsky, a string quartet by Dvořak, and some of the lesser known orchestral works of Sibelius, Poulenc, and Prokofieff. This appears to me an impressive score, and it is in no way exceptional. I should feel more sympathy for Music Department in its present manifold difficulties if it did not waste time attempting to revive dead works like Stanford's Requiem, and presenting vacuous novelties like the Variations for piano and orchestra of Gunnar de Frumerie. Meanwhile, we must all be grateful for having been given the chance of hearing that great violinist, Jacques Thibaud, once more. His playing seems to have lost none of the passion and distinction one has associated with it in the past; with the exception of Kreisler, there can be few if any modern violinists whose G string produces so velvety a tone. He and Tasso Janopoulos succeeded in giving me a new view of Franck's much traduced but noble Sonata. Their duo had extraordinary tension and absolute authenticity.

The anthology of American poetry chosen and introduced by David Gascoyne on February 20 was interesting and unusual. Among the speakers was at least one extremely beautiful voice, to which I did not succeed in attaching a name.

Red Star, D. G. Bridson's Red Army feature, raises certain points which I have no room to discuss this week. The technique of this type of feature seems to me to have reached an impasse. The material was good and it was well managed, yet one had the impression that one had heard it all several times before. I believe there is only one remedy for this state of affairs and I hope to revert to the subject next week.

RECOMMENDATIONS: — March 5th. "Romain Rolland and the Hero." Talk by E. M. Forster.

March 6th. Poetry of Robert Nichols.

March 7th. "The Partner." Play adapted from Joseph Conrad.

March 7th. Symphony Concert. Conducted by John Barbirolli.

March 8th. Thibaud and B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra.

March 8th. How It Was Written *Robinson Crusoe*. Stephen Potter.

March 8th. "People Matter." W. G. Symons.

March 10th. Concerto for Double String Orchestra. Michael Tippett.

March 10th. "The Redeemer." Oratorio by Martin Shaw.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

PLAYS AND PICTURES.

"The Lady from the Sea," at the Chanticleer

MUCH praise is due to the Chanticleer Theatre Club for their courage in undertaking an Ibsen season. This they have begun with *The Lady from the Sea*, one of the less popular and indeed less satisfactory of Ibsen's later works. It is, however, well worth revival, though its very flaws demand, both in production and acting, an exceptionally delicate sense of balance. This balance, this rope-walking technique, this disguised blend of naturalism and symbolism, could be achieved only by a cast of great experience. The Chanticleer players, while lacking this experience, to some extent make up for it by the freshness of their approach. Playing in Ibsen is obviously to them—as it should be to any actor, however professional—an adventure. The miniature scale of the Chanticleer is at once a handicap and an asset, for while this play needs a stage with more space to manœuvre in, the tininess of the auditorium allows the actors to use throughout what are almost their normal speaking voices. In much drama this would be a dubious blessing, but Ibsen is full of throw-aways—too much so perhaps for the average-sized theatre. The Chanticleer players, accordingly, spoke, on the whole, very naturally, but failed, on the other hand, to seize the other advantage offered them by the set-up—that of additional pace; some of their exits, for instance, are unnecessarily slow and laboured. Their movements, cramped as they were among the props, were too often crude—clumsy or out of proportion—a notable exception being Miss Betty Linton. The old trick, for instance, of an actor jumping from his seat whenever he feels emotional was certainly over-exploited. One other word while on the subject of size: in a theatre like this it is criminal for the audience to talk during the action. During one performance at least of this play six Kensington ladies—all old enough to know better—kept up through each of the acts a running commentary.

As regards the acting, this play requires two of its characters to be queer—very queer—*but* convincing, and most of the rest to be ordinary *but* sympathetic. Structurally *The Lady from the Sea* is impaired by its sub-plot, which might easily become a terrible bore; this was avoided at the Chanticleer, although Arnholm should have been played less woodenly. Dr. Wangel, the bridge between the two types of character, the ordinary man who is drawn into the orbit of Queerness, was adequately played by Mr. Ronald Long, though he could not quite rise to the moments of catastrophe. The really exacting part is, of course, that of Ellida, who must be both natural and fey; Miss Joy Harvey made an intelligent and sensitive attempt at a role which few actresses in this country could compass. The bathos in this production came with the appearance of the Stranger, who ought to have a sinister—if not a "dæmonic"—presence. Mr. Roger Trafford, lacking this quality both in physique and in voice, was not helped by his producer, who could surely both have dressed him differently (Ibsen did not specify that he should appear as a sailor) and have organised him better on the stage. The most stimulating performance was by Miss Betty Linton as Hilda, the *enfant terrible*. Miss Linton not only conveyed in full measure the rather *gamin* verve of this character, but also—what is much more difficult—suggested her underlying passionate sense of frustration, her concealed longing for affection. She brought this out triumphantly in her last line—and her last quick movement over the stage—where one false inflection or gesture would have undone all she had established.

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THE MOVIES

"None but the Lonely Heart," at the Odeon
"The Keys of the Kingdom," at the Gaumont
"Hangover Square," at the Tivoli
"The Valley of the Tennessee," and "Quai des Brumes," at the Academy
"Forgotten Documentaries," London Film Institute Society

Novelists' week. Mr. Richard Llewellyn, Mr. A. J. Cronin, and Mr. Patrick Hamilton are translated. The habit of adapting novels seems to me generally deplorable. Why must a film company which employs script-writers, scenario-writers, screen-playwrights, add two more to the chain of inefficiency in the talent-scout and the novel of his choice? I am judging, let me add, by results (not, this week, strikingly bad). Or if good stories can only be picked up outside the studio, why doesn't someone make the discovery that the form nearest the film is the short story and not the novel? Oh (the argument will be), novels are popular. No answer to that. But here again are three films that demonstrate how turgidly, how sentimentally, the conventions of the respectable, chunky novel work out on the screen. Too many characters have to materialise, too many corners have to be turned, too many situations crammed in, for the film to be anything but a hotchpotch. Such films give the impression of a narrative cut and cut, with the gaps bridged by partings and returns, dinners in night-clubs, walks on the verandah. Of the three novels adapted this week, *None but the Lonely Heart* is the best, because some feeling has gone to the adaptation. This is a first attempt by Clifford Odets at film direction. The method is John Ford's at his less immediate (say, *The Long Voyage Home* or *How Green is my Valley*). Recipe: working-class toughness and aspirations, dim lights, violent fate, mysterious foreign streets. The foreign town in this case is the East End of London; not bad, but far from being right, as you may imagine. Hero is a rolling stone (Cary Grant), with a proud mother dying of cancer (Ethel Barrymore) and two girls, one paste and the other diamond. He goes for paste, of course, and gets mixed up with a gang; only after heartburnings of various kinds and the death of the mother does he tap on the door that has been waiting to open. But there is more to the film than this. The restlessness, the eager and morose self-questioning, the slips into crime are seriously envisaged, and Cary Grant (about fifteen years too old) gives a stimulating performance. On a temperature-chart reckoning, and taking *Quai des Brumes* as 75°, I should mark this 45°. *The Keys of the Kingdom* (40°) suffers from being too long, melodramatic in some parts, time-killing in others, and Hollywood Scotland is not very convincing. However, the life of an independent Catholic priest is told honestly and without undue reverence, and when he is sent out East as a missionary the Chinese (keep your seats) are Chinese. Mr. Gregory Peck, a young actor new to me, looks and acts the part, from nineteen to seventy, with considerable charm. Thomas Mitchell, Cedric Hardwicke, Rosa Stradner, Edmund Gwenn ably assist. Director, John M. Stahl. *Hangover Square* (30°): the merit of the novel was in its thrills and raffish local colour, the weakness in a slick treatment of split personality. Hollywood, of course, has exploited the second and thrown away the first. We are back again in that London of costers, gas lamps, hackney carriages and gin palaces which we know now almost as well as the view from our window. Preposterous but creepy. Mr. Hamilton's murderer (Laird Cregar) has become a musician in order that he may supply—did you guess?—a concerto. You probably don't guess, though, that the hero will set fire to a concert hall, from which funeral pyre he will be heard crashing out his final chords. Is this the last of the concertos?

In addition to *Quai des Brumes* (re-revived) the Academy is showing an O.W.I. documentary about the Tennessee Valley Authority. Goodish film on familiar lines, using material from a better one, *The River*. The programme of *Forgotten Documentaries* given to members of the London Film Institute Society last Monday was well selected as usual. *Coal Face* (1936) and *The Islanders* (1939) reminded us of the poetic excitement that attached once to the making of documentaries. The show-piece was the Marquis de Wavrin's *Au Pays du Scalp*, never seen before in England, a fascinating if unskilled record of a one-man expedition up the Amazon. The totem dances and stuffed human heads of the Jivaros will haunt me longer than the thuggee *Hangover Square*.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

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Correspondence

EUROPEAN SERVICE

SIR,—As a regular listener to the B.B.C.'s broadcasts for Europe, at least in the main languages, I share the doubts expressed by "Critic" as to the advisability of letting this service be run entirely by the B.B.C. on its own responsibility. This would almost certainly lead to a policy of avoiding all controversial subjects at any price, and, in the mood of expectancy likely to prevail in liberated Europe, the result would be that no one would listen to London. Even more unfortunate, the impression would be created that Britain does not care about Europe's problems. Indeed there are already signs of a decline in vitality in the European service, and a tendency to be dull but safe.

The B.B.C.'s charter does not fall due for renewal till the end of next year. But the war in Europe is likely to be over long before then. Political warfare to the liberated countries is obviously nonsense. So what function is the European Service to perform, and who is to control it during this interim period before the B.B.C. gets its new charter? So far the public has been given no information.

Unfortunately, this interregnum comes just at a moment when the broadcasts to Europe need to be carefully replanned if they are to retain any worthwhile part of their present huge and enthusiastic audience. The B.B.C.'s magnificent wartime record has been built up almost entirely by providing accurate war news, more or less standardised in all languages, and by a remarkably high degree of engineering skill, which seems to have carried the voice of Britain all over Europe, in spite of all the attempts of the enemy to interfere. As the war recedes, not only do the local press and radio of the liberated countries break into the B.B.C.'s news monopoly, but the audience is less interested in news pure and simple. Now, all experience in market research goes to show that if you once lose a public for a particular product you can virtually never win it back again. How is the B.B.C. to avoid losing its European audience for good?

"Critic" says that something called the "projection of Britain" is to take the place of news appeal. Undoubtedly such a presentation of Britain, if carried out with courage, imagination and a real understanding not only of Britain but also of the European background would meet with a warm welcome. Perhaps never before in history has interest in, and sympathy for, Britain been so great throughout Europe, a situation which the B.B.C. itself has done much to bring about. Here is a splendid opportunity of consolidating wartime friendships in the interests of future co-operation. But we need to recognise frankly that this is not only a different, it is a much harder task than accurate reporting of war news. Is the European Service up to it? Not, to my mind, on its present showing. A good test is the European Service in English, which seems peculiarly fitted for the projection of Britain, the more so as the audience of English-speaking Europeans to which it is presumably addressed, is necessarily rather special. But at a time when the Home Service is increasingly thrown open to controversy, the European Service in English has retreated into extreme caution and, inevitably, banality. Its general intellectual level is much below that of the Home Service, and it conveys an impression of tiredness and lack of enthusiasm. Is this really the impression of Britain we want to give Europe?

What are the remedies? Personalities are obviously as important in running a broadcasting service as in running a newspaper. We need to know who in the B.B.C. is responsible for the present European Services, and what is his experience of the European public to which his service is addressed. Then there is the question of authority. Who is to stand between the B.B.C. and the inevitable critics who prefer a dull and ineffectual service to one which does not entirely conform with their own pet theories? Who is to think out the new approach needed for liberated Europe? I am inclined to suggest a small inter-party committee of people who have a real feeling for Europe and at the same time some experience of methods of publicity. At present, only a few of the B.B.C.'s governors conform to this standard, and they, presumably, have their hands already full with the B.B.C. proper. This committee should not only control, it should guide the European service in the experiment of putting Britain across to Europe. Some sort of listener research organisation for Europe could surely be established. Indeed the announcement that a radio attaché has been appointed in Paris suggests that a start has been made. By the time the charter is renewed sufficient data should be available to make possible a decision whether and in what form the European Service should continue.

LISTENER

SCOTTISH BROADCASTING

SIR,—The writer of the article on Broadcasting in your issue of 17th February was kind enough to quote from the Saltire Society's Memorandum *Broadcasting: A Policy for Future Development in Scotland*, issued in December.

His comment implied that the Society sought for more generous financial treatment for regional stations. In fact, the chief purpose of this Memorandum is to state the case for a Scottish Broadcasting Corporation on the premise that Scotland is *not* "region" in the usually understood sense of the term, but virtually a nation containing many regions and a nation moreover with its own universal interest.

Hitherto the main function of regional stations has been to provide a strictly limited and characteristic Scottish, Welsh, North Regional, etc., contribution to British programmes, matters of universal and international import being reserved for and provided by London Headquarters of the B.B.C. As a result of general inquiry and the answers to a widely distributed questionnaire, however, we believe that most Scottish listeners are heartily sick of the limited provincialising character of their broadcasting, and would prefer a wider conception of its function, in which purely Scottish broadcasting would be integrated with items of universal and international interest chosen with an eye (or ear) on their particular value to Scottish listeners. This would apply to all broadcasting from the News upwards.

We regard this as a fundamental issue, not only because Scottish and English interests in universal matters sometimes differ, but primarily because direct contact between Scotland and both foreign and Empire culture and opinion is vitally necessary in order to undo the harm done to our sense of values and standards by many decades of increasingly provincial isolation. Wartime experience of meeting nationals of many foreign and Empire countries, in our own homes, has undoubtedly created a new awareness of the need for more direct contacts in the future. Their candour has had a tonic effect.

The regional system, or even a more generous financial treatment of it, does not meet this need, and the former "National" programme was certainly far too remote from Scotland to be of more than occasional value.

The Scottish Director of Programmes told the Saltire Society last year that the Scottish people were at once "home-loving and international in their interests," and it is in order to secure a service to match these interests that the Society has proposed a Scottish Broadcasting Corporation. I may add that we have been surprised by the wide support evoked for this policy both from distinguished individuals and the press.

ROBERT HURD,
(President: Saltire Society).
Gladstone's Land,
Lawnmarket, Edinburgh, 1.

THE FREEDOM PRESS RAID

SIR,—We desire to express our disquiet at the increasing tendency in England to-day towards the restriction of the liberties of statement and persuasion. This tendency has been demonstrated recently in an instance of arbitrary police action and of other methods of indirect coercion. We refer to the acts against Freedom Press, the anarchist publishing group. Most of us do not subscribe to the political theories held by Freedom Press, and have no connection with the anarchist movement, but we respect their right to propagate opinions, and regard any attempt to curtail their freedom of speech and writing as a general threat against these liberties.

On the 12th December, a squad of the Special Branch raided the premises of Freedom Press, with a search warrant issued under Defence Regulation 39A. This warrant authorised them to seize any objects which they had reason to suppose might be evidence of the commission of an attempt to seduce from their duties members of H.M. Forces. Instead, however, of choosing relevant material, the police proceeded to empty the contents from the letter trays straight into sacks, seize invoices and account books which dealt entirely with transactions with bookshops, the office typewriter, the boxes containing stencils of addresses, letter books, and other material without which it is impossible to carry on the legitimate business of such a concern as Freedom Press. No attempt was made to decide whether the material had any bearing on the investigation and, in spite of protests, it was two months before any of it was returned.

At the same time raids were made on the homes of at least five persons connected with Freedom Press, and in one case on that of a private citizen who had no direct connection with Freedom Press. Personal correspondence, professional notes, literary manuscripts, cheque counterfoils, etc., were all seized, and again the police made no effort to choose papers which might possibly contain relevant evidence. In one case, when the person visited was not at home, the police broke in and departed without leaving any notification of their action. Furthermore, in the Army and Navy, searches were made of the kits of men who had been in correspondence with Freedom Press, and copies of pamphlets, as well as issues of *War Commentary*, *Peace News* and *Now* were seized.

These official actions have been accompanied by certain unofficial actions which have no obvious connection with the activities of the police, but which deserve attention. The landlords of the premises occupied by Freedom Press forbade them to carry on business any longer. Negotiations were opened for further premises, but at the last minute were broken off by the owners, who refused to give any reasons for their action. Lastly, Freedom Press have been informed by the paper manufacturers that they cannot supply any more newsprint.

We submit that such actions are prejudicial to the liberty of speech and writing. If they are allowed to pass without protest, they may become precedents for future persecutions of individuals or of organisations devoted to the spreading of opinions disliked by the authorities. Once started, a process of this nature may well result in an intellectual tyranny of an extreme kind. As writers, we see that in our own interests, as well as in the interests of freedom of expression and persuasion, we must register our protest against the high-handed actions of the authorities in this case. In particular, we protest against the facility with which search warrants are granted to the police, and the improper manner in which the police exceed the authority given them by these warrants, in such a way as to interfere with the legitimate action of the organisations and individuals whose premises they search. We suggest that an inquiry be made into the activities of the Special Branch, which in its present form appears to be an institution of great potential danger to freedom in this country.

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JULIAN SYMONS

AUSTRIAN UNITY

SIR,—The signatories to your last week's letter on Austrian unity argue that because the Free Austrian Movement supports the declaration made at the Moscow Conference that Austria shall be free, it leads to confusion if other Austrian political groups in this country continue their separate existence.

This is strange doctrine. As far as we know, all Austrian exiles, monarchists as much as communists, desire an independent Austria. But does it follow that they should all band themselves into one organisation with the sole object of shouting "Hurray!" in unison?

There is, however, much to be gained if the Left Parties, who possess broadly a common outlook, co-operate with each other and associate with their British opposite numbers. This is proceeding happily to-day with beneficial results, and we cannot understand why your correspondents should object. The exiled representatives of Austrian Democracy work together in the Austrian Representative Committee. Members of this body are the Austrian Socialists (the sole group recognised by the British Labour Party), the Austrian Trade Unionists (the sole group recognised by the I.F.T.U.), and nominees of the Austrian Liberal and Democratic Parties. These men and women, who made Vienna world-famous for its progressive and imaginative municipal Government, are bound together by a common outlook and purpose.

The Austrians are associated with their British counterparts through the Anglo-Austrian Democratic Society, of which we have the honour to be the chairman and honorary secretary. The board of the society is composed of leading Austrians associated with these groups, together with prominent members of the British Labour and Liberal Parties, Trade Union leaders, etc., and individuals interested in bringing about closer cultural relations between our two peoples.

It is this type of international co-operation between groups possessing similar political philosophies which produces worthwhile results. Little good and probably much harm would result from regimenting all Austrian exiles into one national organisation of sham unity. Such an organisation must either be strictly non-political, in which case it must be a dumb and helpless spectator of European developments, or if politics are not barred (and the Free Austrian Movement is highly political) it becomes a permanent battleground of differing ideologies. Then the British public would complain, with justification, that these exiles were wasting their time in perpetual quarrels.

The Free Austrian Movement should content itself with propagating its own views and carrying on its many social activities. It is not entitled to claim that it represents united Austrian opinion when it manifestly does no such thing. Nor is it entitled to deny to the major Left Austrian Parties the right to have their own organisations. In their attempt to establish a monopoly of Austrian representation the Free Austrian Movement displays a significant hankering for totalitarian politics.

T. L. HORABIN
House of Commons. G. R. STRAUSS

THE COUNTRYSIDE

SIR,—I would like to question at least one statement in my friend Mr. Sidney Dark's recent article, "The Countryside." His village is also my village, and has been for some thirty-seven years. "The village," he says, "is very beautifully situated, but few if any of

W. H. AUDEN
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its people seem to feel its beauty." The English countryman, like the English schoolboy, is slow to give verbal expression to his reactions to natural beauty; partly, perhaps, because it is not to him, as it is to the townsman, a new thing, but part of his native environment. But the last "incumbent" of the local pub, the father of the present tenant, lived, a lonely widower, "doing for himself" under uncomfortable circumstances, till his death at the age of seventy odd, rather than accept the repeated invitations of his well-to-do married children to make his home with them in another part of the country. As he said, the things he didn't have to pay for, the beauty of the place, the changing seasons in the woods and his daily walks in the lanes, were worth more than anything money could buy. This last Christmas Eve, the local poacher, who had had leave to do a bit of ferreting in our woods, brought me a fat rabbit to the back door. But his first words, even before the presentation of the rabbit, were: "This *is* a pretty place! I don't think I ever see such a pretty place afore. I worked down there at the farm three year, an' never been up here afore. It is a *rare* pretty place." Mr. Dark might have had dealings for years with another of my neighbours, a hard-bitten farmer, without getting to know that his real passion was wild flowers; and that he knew every sort—and there are many—that grow in this district, and where to find them first in bloom. Such facts as these do not point to such complete insensitiveness to beauty as Mr. Dark would suggest. It is true that during Mr. Dark's sojourn the village has been filled with evacuees. Most of these, I admit, are largely blind to the beauty of the country, and regret the past happy days of the next-door cinema and the fish-and-chips shop—both excellent things, but with little claim to beauty.

WINIFRED ROBERTS

SIR,—I should esteem it a favour to occupy a small portion of your valuable space to correct some of the tendentious misstatements of your contributor, Sidney Dark, in the article "The Countryside."

The farm labourer is quoted as being "amongst the worst paid of skilled workers," and his wage of £3 10s. is contrasted with that of 16 industrial groups whose average is £4 10s.

Has it ever struck your fair-minded contributor that the average rent in the country is 3s. per week contrasted with a rent of probably 18s. to 22s. in towns and that the townsman has often to pay substantial train and bus fares to get to his work. Again, the countryman enjoys the benefit of a garden and generally free milk, potatoes and wood rabbits in addition.

I note that none of these advantages are ever mentioned or stressed by the agricultural trade unions, who base their case on a completely false disparity.

Again, your enlightened and impartial contributor has failed to realise that the ballot gives complete protection as to how votes are cast even in the country.

I should furthermore like him to suggest an alternative to the "Tied Cottage" attached to a farm where it is vital that men who have to tend cattle and horses should reside as near to their charges as possible.

I am not out to defend the lack of amenities in country village life, and possibly in the Bright New World so often dangled before our eyes the community centre will do something to ameliorate this, but I do very much deprecate the generally unfair tone of your contributor's effusion.

C. E. H. MASTER

Barrow Green Court,
Oxted, Surrey.

SHELLEY AND HARRIET WESTBROOK

SIR,—I was specially interested in Mr. Harry Roberts' letter on Harriet Westbrook. I have for some time been collecting material for a Monograph on Ianthe Shelley (Mrs. Edward Esdaile) and am pleased to know that there is any curiosity about her in intelligent people. Ianthe (her brother Charles died in childhood) was at last committed to the care of her maternal aunt Eliza who had married a Somerset landowner. Whilst living with her aunt and uncle-in-law, Ianthe was wooed—and won—by young Mr. Esdaile. They were married in 1837 and Ianthe's home was at Cothelestone Manor (the new manor-house, built by the Esdailes) for the rest of her life. (She is buried in Cothelestone Church. Her husband, whilst staying at Cheltenham, fell under the influence of the Rev. Francis Close (afterwards Dean Close), a well-known Evangelical cleric of the time, and henceforth, for all his wealth, led a devout austere life and was, as Mr. Roberts's correspondent puts it, "full of good works." He and Ianthe had several children—the only direct descendants of "Our Ariel," whose other children died without any offspring, most of them in infancy, indeed.

G. M. HOTT

SIR,—More than forty years ago, there was living at Dawlish an old Miss Esdaile, daughter of E. J. Esdaile, of whom Dr. Harry Roberts speaks. She was a friend of a near female relation of mine who shared her strongly evangelical views. One day, I was taken to see Miss Esdaile. The visit was short, because she was an invalid. I remember her as a finely bred and very delicate old lady who lay on a sofa surrounded by evangelical books and pictures. My young self was deeply interested to speak and sit with Shelley's granddaughter, but I had been warned not to mention him because he was a monster of iniquity.

Not long afterwards, I was in Rome with my near relation. I suggested that, as she was in Rome, she should see the poor monster's grave in the Protestant cemetery. At first she refused, but she yielded, and went with me to the spot. After a long silence, she sighed, and said: "I am interested to have seen the grave, but I shall not tell Miss Esdaile." That evening, I heard her say to an acquaintance in our hotel, "I went to the Protestant Cemetery to-day. I had a reason for going. A relative of a friend of mine is buried there."

When I went to the last war, this kind Miss Esdaile sent me a khaki-bound pocket Testament in which she wrote my name. To my lasting regret, it was lost, through no fault of mine, soon afterwards.

J. C. B. GAMLEN

The Athenæum,
Pall Mall, S.W.1.

BARGE CHILDREN

SIR,—I have read the correspondence about the boatmen on the canals and the remarks about their children interest me.

As one who taught in "The Barge School" in Paddington some years ago (1930–32) I would like to say I did not think those children "poor, pale and under-sized," as your correspondent Phyllis Pebody finds them now. I was struck by the absence of the usual epidemics of measles, chicken-pox, etc., that occur regularly in the other schools.

But what I considered was terribly serious, and I have never forgotten it, was the pitiable inferiority complex from which those "bargees" suffered so strongly. They never played with the children "who lived in houses." One felt they regarded themselves as a race apart, a set of Ishmaelites, and every man's hand was against them.

Your correspondent suggests boarding schools by the water side. I think hostels would be better, so that the children could go to the local Council or village school and get the daily contact with the other children, which is the only way to remove this dangerous sense of inferiority.

RUTH M. LAYTON

84 Lancaster Gate, W.2.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

It is difficult to imagine a more admirable introduction to the novels of Virginia Woolf than this short book (*Virginia Woolf, by Joan Bennett. Cambridge University Press*, 6s.). Mrs. Bennett has the critic's best and rarest qualities: absence of preconceived theory or *parti pris*, a clear and sensitive style in prose, total concentration on her subject. Thus equipped, she gradually pieces together, and with the help of numerous quotations illustrates, the vision of life embodied in Virginia Woolf's imaginative work. Many tributes to this poet have been written since her death; many judgments have been passed upon her; Mrs. Bennett is, so far as I know, the first of her public critics to probe to the unique and original conception at the core of her poetry: her vision of the immersion of beings in time: "Threefold time; the passing moments or hours; the voyage from youth to age; and the historic time, or time in relation to nation-wide and world-wide affairs." It is this which gives her finest work its peculiar dramatic tension between each emotion and its opposite; which informs her images and selects her symbols; and Mrs. Bennett is extremely successful in clarifying the scope and the complexities of this vision, and in underlining the integrity with which Virginia Woolf explored it, in successive novels, to its utmost limits.

Joan Bennett is also an illuminating interpreter of other processes in Mrs. Woolf's work after she began to break up the current conventions of fiction and to move towards the construction of her own mould and pattern: how, for instance, she proceeded from "character drawing" in the traditional sense towards "an objectivity in which the feelings, the meditations, the memories of the protagonists are projected without intervention upon the mind of the reader"; how stories—plots—give place to sequences in which actual events, quarrels, marriages, births, deaths, are submerged beneath the current of life; and how, with the disappearance of any definable system of moral values, her own austere sense of values becomes revealed. At the same time we are reminded what firmly knit and distinguished novels, both intellectually and emotionally, the first two traditional ones remain.

Possibly there are many besides myself who have found *The Waves*, at first reading, a difficult, an almost unacceptable experience. Mrs. Bennett says nothing to suggest this difficulty; but even now, when several readings have familiarised me with its technique, I find a certain effort of mental readjustment necessary before the requisite concentration and "willing suspension" can begin. Since the I, the self, does not always come at a call, but on the contrary so frequently is absent or signals a flash and disappears again; since "to be myself I need the illumination of other people's eyes," and only the exceptions (Louis, Rhoda) prove that one exists at all in solitude; since we do not perpetually watch ourselves love, hate, cross the street, eat—breathe, sleep, even: since all this is true, does not this conception of human consciousness somehow strangle us as much as it expands us? Do we not have a resistance to the weight of these voices over and over again taking up and laying down their solo parts, not ever replying to one another, and all enclosed within one unifying rhythm which never relaxes its inexorable beat? How stark a spectacle, how without concessions, is this group of figures, static, nakedly exposed, drawn through time loop after loop as if on a dark barge; how terrifying the unblinking vigilance of these nerves and brains all bent upon the apprehension of the ineluctable, the incomprehensible; how appalling the thud, above their affirmations, of Time's oar upon the barge. Does the rider ride forward free, as Percival rode, against death? Is he not in the same moment arrested, as Percival was, ridden down upon and blotted out?

Yes, it is a terrifying book; but equally (I would say now) it contains the kind of spiritual consolation inherent in all great poetic tragedies. In her other novels what chiefly impresses us—sometimes to the point of exasperation—is her questioning, hesitating, exploratory method, as of one casting a lamp fitfully here and there to illuminate her discoveries; but in the final portion of *The Waves*, the summing-up, her voice seems effortlessly geared to control such an increase of passion and authority that it becomes awful in the true sense: sibylline. "See, this is the human condition," she seems to say: "This continuity in impermanence, this coalescence in dissolution, this endlessly recurring ebb and flow—which we call joy, anguish, beauty, deformity, love, hate—in the unfathomable element. At the point of this balance we take up our position, and through our awareness of it we construct an order out of chaos."

It strikes me now, how wonderful it might be to hear Bernard's summing-up spoken aloud by a fine masculine voice. Indeed, how wonderful *might* be an arrangement of the whole of *The Waves* for broadcasting by a carefully picked chorus of men and women. The characters would lose nothing by being invisible: in the proof, they might well gain in individuality, for they are aural not visual beings in essence; and the contrasts between the speaking voices would relieve the monotony of rhythms which is sometimes fatiguing as it beats upon the ear from the printed page. It might be a sublime experience.

Mrs. Bennett devotes her last chapter to the posthumous work *Between the Acts*. Whereas elsewhere she places the novels in a scheme of development and makes certain judgments upon their relative importance, their success or partial failure, she is here concerned only with interpretation and offers no conclusions of her own at all. Is this, I wonder, because she finds this curious novel an entirely satisfactory work of art? This is certainly what she seems to imply; but re-reading it, even with the help of her signposts, I still find its course uneasy and the steering uncertain, only just under control. Sometimes strain and slackness seem to alternate in place of the old elastic interplay of her airy, flying and pausing rhythms; the sequences seem to pass along as in an old film, jerkily, blurred and flickered over with streaks and jags; and now and then the film breaks down, then starts again awkwardly, with some clue left out. The centre falls apart. "*Dispersed Are We.*" "Scraps, sorts and fragments." The recurrence of such snatches breaks up the tissue of the book; visions and apparitions rise in the interstices: the great barn, the wagons shagged with hay; the beautiful image-symbol of the lily pool with its fishes; the monstrous one of the snake choked with a toad in its mouth, Giles stamping it to pulp, prophetic blood upon his shoes.

Part of what seems to me the thinness of design and texture lies perhaps in the conception of Mrs. Manresa. As Mrs. Bennett points out, her function is important. She is intended to stand for the positive; the unselfconscious life of the instincts and senses. But her challenge to the notion of cultural progress would have more weight if she were in fact the "child of nature," glamorous, wild and warm, that Virginia Woolf, although mocking her for her pretensions to this role, obviously intends her to be. It is as if not only Barthomew and Giles but to some extent the author herself has been taken in by Mrs. Manresa. She remains a vulgar fraud, stupid, ogling and predatory, exhaling more of *chypre* than of spice islands, and bearing a cornucopia filled with crude imitation fruit. It is easy to believe that she plays jazz on the gramophone, but not that she yodels hoity-te-doity-te-ray-do among the hollyhocks. (True, this is not a thing one would care to believe of anyone.)

The device of the pageant is an extremely ambitious one; in default of any criticism of it one must assume that Mrs. Bennett feels that the problems it imposes have been successfully resolved. But though I find it fascinating, I cannot resist the impression that the dramatic fantasies have been collected from various notebooks; and the extraordinary fragments of doggerel which link them together seem to bear no relation to one another, to the sketches, or to the pageant of English history supposed to be unfolding. One longs for a concrete foothold; one is disturbed by the unsuitability of these faint random lyricisms upon the lips of the village community who form the cast, by the sheer unactability of some of their lines, gestures and groupings. Everyone—audience and actors—seems to be "not here and not there," and any unification is finally shattered in the last incoherence of the device of "ourselves" shown piecemeal in bits of mirror.

> I begin to long for some little language such as lovers use, broken words, inarticulate words, like the shuffling of feet on the pavement. I begin to seek some design more in accordance with those moments of humiliation and triumph that come now and then undeniably.

Does this passage from *The Waves* hold a clue to *Between the Acts*? Does it explain why both Isa and Lucy Swithin are sometimes made to express themselves—the one inwardly, the other outwardly—in a language that is almost pure nonsense? Does the machine going chuff, chuff, chuff in the bushes echo the shuffling of feet on the pavement?

Certainly, in her last book Virginia Woolf is saying, as she always said: "I begin to seek some new design." But where would her search have led her?

ROSAMOND LEHMANN

NEW VERSE

The Glass Tower. By NICHOLAS MOORE. Designs by LUCIAN FREUD. *Poetry, London.* 8s. 6d.

Elegies. By ALEX COMFORT. *Routledge.* 5s.

The Black Seasons. By HENRY TREECE. *Faber.* 6s.

Far From the Land. By JAMES MONAHAN. *Macmillan.* 4s.

Against the Lightning. By HUGH POPHAM. *Lane.* 6s.

The Shrapnel in the Tree. By THOMAS FASSAM. *Hand and Flower Press.*

Poems from Ireland. Edited by DONAGH MACDONAGH. *Irish Times.* 7s. 6d.

In Blake's poem the lover, caught by a maiden, is locked in a crystal cabinet. There he comes on a strange world with "a little lovely moony night," another England and another Thames, another girl; and in trying to seize her he bursts the crystal. I am reminded of this poem by reading Mr. Nicholas Moore. Not that his cabinets are either as fragile or as dazzling as Blake's, but there is a similar discovery of innocence, an articulation dubious perhaps at times, but pretty. How to resist and at the same time to admit must always be the problem of the innocent. Resist too much, and you're mad as a hatter. Admit too much, the crystal breaks. So here is Mr. Moore with his small, distinct, cryptic vision.

> Come, my December lady, to my side:
> Feel there the tick and tock of the mixed seasons
> As you hold hours in your maiden hand.
> The dog spring bites the bone that holds the winter
> And year's beginning in my season's end.
>
> Time's in the clock that blows your lovely hair,
> Black as the raven's midnight or the owl's,
> And where the bat twists to and fro, your arms
> Hold old December's monk-heart to your breast,
> The leg stands cold and naked to the moon.
>
> For by the hour you tell the summer's swallows
> In dart and dive mix with the blue-teared pool
> From the beginning to the end in love.
> Where lashes flicker on the most steady eyes
> I come to you to meet each folded fist.

It takes a little prising open this poem, as do others in the book, and when we have admired the detail, the cycle of images—"the dog spring" and "old December's monk-heart"—there still remains an uncertainty, so that we have to read it again. "Phrase is all," says Mr. Moore. Not quite all, or Beddoes would be as good a poet as Shelley, and this poem of Mr. Moore's more satisfying than it is "Come, let me

enjoy summer in your eyes" *may* be the meaning of the poem just quoted, but I am not sure, and the intricacy of workmanship makes one want to reject one meaning for another more intricate; or we turn the poem over feelingly like a scarab. There are a number of such pieces in *The Glass Tower*, which either an obscure symbolism or the innate secrecy of the writer has made defiant to the touch. But Mr. Moore is not only, or chiefly, the fashioner of curious well-shaped objects. Sometimes the symbols (symbols of childhood, we are told) may run to nonsense of an imaginative kind, as in the song "Walks the lamb upon the shore"; sometimes the veiled perspective behind the jutting phrase conveys more than would a uniformly sharp focus; sometimes the ghosts of one poem materialise in the next. I should like to emphasise Mr. Moore's accomplishment in these various phases. Nevertheless the poems that appeal most are those in which vividness of phrase is matched by vividness of idea.

> See how the horses triumph by the sea,
> Stepping proudly upon the sandy shore.
> The sea and horses . . . in their element
> All creatures seem more noble than they are

> The little lizard gleams upon his stone,
> The red bull stamps magnificent his meadow.
> The dog looks happy at his master's feet,
> The panther glistens in his native shadow.

> If elements are such to make the creature
> Noble, what then of us? Have we alone
> No place, no element . . .?

Many of these poems are love poems: in sex the raptures and the closed world of childhood are to some extent preserved and renewed. The lovers are doubly distressed by the fall of France, being separated; they look towards morning when they will rise as one, as in the revolution. War is a shadow, a tearing wind: intangible, though the elegies here on friends are full of feeling and character. A pear tree, a night club, gulls, swordfish, a painting by Max Ernst, a poem by Wallace Stevens, start the bright flow of image and introspection peculiar to this poet. It comes natural to him to see sharply and to form patterns, and an epigrammatic gaiety is one of the surprises of his talent; thus, of Queen Elizabeth:

> Painted lady, and peerless as the stars,
> Of all nobility noble, of pureness pure,
> The crookedest queen who ever sat a throne,
> The saintliest shrew that ever slept alone!

The poems in *The Glass Tower* have been selected from the work of seven years (1936–43), including a few already published in volume. Mr. Lucian Freud's illustrations, mostly of animals and fishes, have a decorative freshness.

Mr. Alex Comfort's *Elegies*, eight in number, are a sort of chamber music written in a varying minor mode. "I believe in winter, in the season of ends." Tuneless, delicate, penetrating, the woodwind and the hushed violins create almost a pastoral out of winter and woe. The war ghosts haunt unreal city and deserted shore.

> And there were two, watchers beside a fire
> crouching in darkness under the hills of wind,
> who turned and lost each other in the night
> and wandered calling, but the hills were empty.

Mr. Comfort has his own carefully elaborated moods, which for a time persuade but then—I don't think I'm being too harsh—enervate. He is a smooth one. Mr. Henry Treece rides rough. Swords, skulls, golden lads, cherry trees, tapers, tears, old men, blood, shepherds, fisherfolk, princes, and the Bible make for a familiar keening, relieved by a certain honest terseness and by a religious energy that produces the best and worst in the book.

> Holy Jack, they say your side bled gold;
> They say flame leapt from holes across your brow.
> And Jack, that flowers sprouted from your hands
> Where iron drove them hard against the bough.

seems to me the worst, and some lines of "Fugitive" the best:

> As one who walks in dusty courts
> Or in forgotten palaces,
> Tapping the wainscot with a shaking hand,
> Avoiding mirrors, listening for the Lord . . .

Understandably, Mr. Treece doesn't agree with the present, and prefers the past. But what—if we are to judge by this disinterment—a past!

Three books by men in the forces. Mr. Monahan's *Far From the Land*, is the most accomplished. Less than half of the nineteen poems are about war; landscapes in Italy, Ireland, Provence and Kent provide him with his best subjects; agreeable memories, offset by the satirical present. More remarkable, if less skilful, is Mr. Hugh Popham's *Against the Lightning*. The title poem describes a journey on an aircraft carrier:

> Last time—an 88 it was—above the fleet;
> We picked him up at dusk at thirteen grand,
> Chased him as he dived into the dusk;
> Somebody hit him, saw the bits come off.
> Then the last light went out. We lost him to the
> eastward, going like hell
> Right down on the drink . . .

Air combat, patrols, attacks on the carrier, the return along the Clyde: we get a vivid idea of action, though I am not sure that a more varied technique—prose, say, or Whitmanesque verse, set with lyrics—wouldn't suit the theme better. *The Shrapnel in the Tree* has an arresting brevity, of which "Comrades in Arms," "Bayonet Drill" and "The Gunner" are typical.

Poems From Ireland is described by its editor as a cross-section of the last ten years, with the limitation that all these poems have appeared in the *Irish Times*. Where it is least representative, perhaps, is at the very top: only one poem each from Yeats ("Under Ben Bulben"), Day Lewis, MacNeice and Rodgers. But the collection has a unity, a common texture lacking in most English anthologies, and it is refreshing to meet here such a poet as F. R. Higgins, whom many more would enjoy reading, if they had the opportunity. "The Boyne Walk" gives a delightful picture of ramshackle soft landscape and the poet stumbling and shouting in the wake of his solitary listener. It takes an Irishman to curse and dream, delightfully, with an eye to the facts. That eye doesn't, except in fancy, go over the horizon. There is no mention of war. Deplorable, of course; though it's nice to find a green field that is still green. One reflection after enjoying this book—and it is eminently enjoyable——must be that the poet is lucky in a country that accepts poetry as part of its national life.

G. W. STONIER

PEACEMAKING IN AMERICA

The American Senate and World Peace. By KENNETH COLEGROVE. *Allen and Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

By now, the story of the rejection of the Versailles Treaty by the United States Senate has become one of those political legends which constant citation may endow with an influence greater than the facts justify. It has been clear for a long time that Allied plans for the peace settlement have been drawn up under the shadow of Wilson's defeat in 1920. When the war ends, President Roosevelt may put his signature to a United Nations agreement; but can anyone be sure that he can afterwards persuade the Senate to ratify his endorsement? One of the main issues in the American elections last November was whether Mr. Roosevelt, in the event of his own re-election, would find himself faced with a Republican majority in the Senate which would feel bound to oppose a treaty negotiated by a Democratic President. Yet in spite of the Democratic success, it is still by no means certain that the Senate will accept any Allied compact submitted to it. There are, of course, two ways by which a straight fight can be avoided. It is conceivable that the war may end without a formal treaty; or the President may exercise his constitutional right to make executive agreements which he need not submit to the Senate, as he has done at Teheran and Yalta. But though the treatment meted out to a defeated Germany may be decided in such a fashion, would America's allies be satisfied with United States participation in a World Security Organisation which rested only upon the pledge of a President who is certain to retire in 1948? It is only reasonable that they should desire to see it based on a formal act possessing legal status.

Professor Colegrove, whose forthright book is a boon to the Englishman trying to appreciate the intricate relationship between President and Senate, has set out to find a solution to the problem which neither violates the American political tradition nor is resigned to the inevitable defeat of whatever agreement is eventually sponsored by Mr. Roosevelt. He first makes the case against the powers of the Senate over treaty-making. It is undemocratic: since each State of the Union elects two Senators, irrespective of its size, the constitutional provision that a treaty requires a two-thirds majority of the Senators present at the time of voting may mean that thirty-three Senators, representing a twelfth of the American people, can block a treaty supported by sixty-three, representing the other eleven-twelfths. A Senator from Nevada, with little more than a hundred thousand inhabitants, is for this purpose as influential as a Senator from New York, with thirteen millions. In 1920, the Versailles Treaty actually received a majority vote,-but it was short by seven of the majority required by law. The Senate, moreover, does not necessarily reflect public opinion in the same way as the lower House; it is influenced more by questions of prestige, by personal issues between Senators and President, by the desire to strike as good a bargain as possible over matters of patronage in exchange for support for the President's policy. In any case, since it is most unusual for one party to possess a two-thirds majority, the successful passage of a treaty requires an exceptionally high sense of public interest from a number of minority members who must vote for it—and against their party—if it is to go through. Mr. Colegrove shows, by a comparison of various public opinion polls with the voting of Senators on particular issues in recent years, that at least a sufficient number consistently swim against the stream to wreck any treaty if they so desire. He examines, fairly if critically, the Versailles controversy, the factors which influence Congress, even, in some detail, the records of particular Senators who almost certainly will take it upon themselves to oppose any settlement approved by Mr. Roosevelt. Apart from his immediate argument, Mr. Colegrove thus provides a useful summary of the main currents in contemporary American politics.

By the time Mr. Colegrove reaches the end of his analysis, however, he seems to have become depressed by the picture that he has painted. He is pretty sure that any treaty which embodies the chief features of Mr. Roosevelt's foreign policy will be defeated. On the other hand, he does not like the idea of replacing treaties with executive agreements, though this would be no startling innovation. From Jefferson onwards, a good many Presidents have resorted to this device when their proposals were blocked by the Senate. Yet it tends to be undemocratic and certainly does not have the binding effect on public opinion that a treaty possesses. It can be used to introduce some part of the settlement without difficulty: during the war it has been used to permit U.S. membership of international agencies like U.N.R.R.A., and the preliminary acceptance of any proposals emerging from the coming San Francisco Conference may take this form. But, with Mr. Colegrove, I feel that this is rather an inadequate way of doing things—though it may be more necessary than he is prepared to concede.

What, then, is to be done? The prospect that looked brighter after November is already dimming. Mr. Roosevelt seems no more able to find a comfortable partner in the Democratic majority in the Senate than he did last year. And, though it is true that there are some Republicans who are more disposed than the bulk of their party to smile upon international co-operation, and that the Southern Democrats who fight the President's

home policy are more liberal in foreign affairs, it would be sanguine to hope that the necessary majority can be found. It may be that some sort of treaty could be passed, but only at the cost of crippling amendments which virtually annul it. No, Mr. Colegrove in the end has to fall back upon an appeal for constitutional reform. Since, he says, the conditions which prompted the original provision of treaty-making powers for the Senate have now disappeared, the time has come for it to be divested of those powers. He would invest both Houses of Congress, instead of one, with the right to accept or reject treaties, but their passage should require only a simple, not a stipulated majority. If the Twenty-First Amendment in 1933 could be carried and ratified within nine and a half months, why should an amendment of this importance and urgency take longer? And if it is impossible to secure this reform immediately, the demand for it should certainly be raised so that American democracy should be able, before many years have elapsed, to rid itself of this restriction upon its right to conduct international affairs on the same level as other nations. As things are, the words of the New York *Nation* in 1900 are still true:

> The United States is rapidly coming to be regarded by the other great Powers as a nation which is not able to make a treaty . . . we seem to . . . have stripped ourselves of a leading attribute of sovereignty. . . .

After the damning analysis in the earlier part of the book, this difficult solution may seem something of an anticlimax. Yet, for English readers, that is not the real basis for judging it. How America will solve this problem is its own concern, though we can watch with interest—and anxiety. But to watch, and to understand, requires an acquaintance with the issues involved. I can thoroughly recommend this illuminating study to those who wish to know why the United States excluded itself from the last peace and why, in spite of the clear desire of its people to collaborate with the United Nations, it is difficult for them formally to commit themselves to the coming settlement.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

MEDIAEVAL LITERATURE

From Script to Print. By H. J. CHAYTOR. *Cambridge University Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Many people must have felt a desire to learn how, in the Middle Ages, "books" were made, published, and circulated, before the days of printing, when manuscript was hard to obtain, and libraries were small and widely separated. How did the poets get hold of the legends on which they based their epics? How did they gain a public when there were a score of provinces in what was later a single kingdom, and when there was a dialect for every province? Again, when so few of the population could read and fewer write, how could the poets expect that degree of knowledge which their lays unquestionably assume in their hearers? In a word, what was the psychological effect of this illiteracy on the poetry and prose of the time?

These and other questions Dr. Chaytor sets himself to answer; and it is not easy to overpraise the skill with which he has done so in the space at his disposal, or the ease and lightness with which he wears his learning.

He begins by emphasising the main difference between the literature of to-day and that of the twelfth century. Literature to us is in the main print, and we prefer it so. If we hear a passage read aloud, we may, and often do, ask for the book to see if we have missed a word. If we miss something in a lecture, we say we will see it in the paper to-morrow. The public of old was a hearing public, and the poet recited or chanted his epics or lays at the court of some noble; and to recite was to publish. No copy of the work needed to be made: the poet kept it all in his head. Dr. Chaytor is indeed a little dubious as to the famous claim of Wolfram of Eschenbach, the author of the enormous epic of Parzival, to total illiteracy; but true or false the boast was not absurd.

When once heard, the lay was common property. Copyright was unknown and plagiarism did not exist because it existed everywhere. Any poet in the audience might carry away the chanson in his head, and repeat it at another court word for word, or perhaps "translated" into another dialect. For memories in those days were like those of children; they were, as Dr. Chaytor says, "unburdened," and a poet, not having those appliances for sparing his memory which we have to-day, was compelled to rely on it entirely.

As in the common belief the end of all things was at hand, language, like everything else, was only a temporary expedient, and the poet, in choosing his dialect, was determined by the *genre* of his work, Castilian or Galician for love-poetry; Provençal for the lyric of Northern Italy; a less choice language for narrative. Hence, as may be imagined, came strange blends; there exist poems in two or even three languages mixed together. This fretted some men of culture. Dante, for example, who hoped for a unified world under the joint rule of Pope and Emperor, looked forward also to a single Italian tongue which should be the speech not of one city, but of all. Both by his example and by his critical works he contributed much to this end.

And here we come to what is perhaps the most interesting of Dr. Chaytor's chapters—that which deals with style (or rather technique) and criticism. For the Middle Ages were deeply concerned with the rules of their art. There was, to begin with, the eternal quarrel between "inspiration" and "craftsmanship." As early as 1275 Giraud Riquier declared that "it is God who wills to honour poets with knowledge not to be got from any other man. In all other branches of learning good teaching is precious, but if God does not endow a man at the outset with knowledge of poetry he will never gain it." On the opposite side were those who, in the spirit of William Morris centuries later, compared poetry with weaving; it was not a gift but an acquirement, and emotion might even be a hindrance.

Mediaeval poetry being for recitation, the criterion of merit was its ability to stand this test. These conditions have of course been altered by the printed page. Poets no longer need rely on the oratorical skill of the reciter; whereas then the rhymes and rhythms had to be instantly perceptible, and the poem could no more do without the acting of the poet than the Greek epics could do without the help of the Muses.

We thus find, as early as the thirteenth century, elaborate treatises on the art of composition, with rigid rules which the poet would break at his peril. In narrative he might follow the natural order, or that made fashionable by Virgil. First announce the subject-matter, then give "interpretation," "comparison," "digression" and the like. This will be enough to show that these old poets knew what they were doing, and that there were critics in the audiences ready and willing to watch for failings.

As everywhere, prose came later than poetry, and Dr. Chaytor devotes a chapter to the theme of the prose romances, many of which were written in a fine script and bound up in magnificent folios for the great lords. Did the lords read them? It is hard to say, but almost certainly they allowed favoured retainers to do so, and we owe them our gratitude for preserving them.

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It was thus, in the main, that the manuscripts of Chaucer were kept for seventy years; then came Caxton to alter everything; and, as Dr. Chaytor says, of the three great discoveries of the time, printing, gunpowder, and America, possibly printing was the most important.

E. E. KELLETT

A DIFFICULT QUESTION BRILLIANTLY UNANSWERED

What is Life? By ERWIN SCHRÖDINGER. *Cambridge University Press.* 6s.

Readers of that little masterpiece of satire, Mallock's "New Paul and Virginia," will remember the eminent biologist, Professor Paul Darnley, who had written three volumes on the origin of life, for which he had spent seven years seeking in infusions of hay and cheese. He had also, in the course of his quest, written five volumes on the entozoa of the pig, and two volumes of lectures, as a corollary to these, on the sublimity of heroism and the whole duty of man. Professor Schrödinger's book, with its deceptive title, inevitably takes the mind back to Mallock.

Erwin Schrödinger, who is senior professor at the Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies, is not even a biologist, but a very distinguished physicist, accepted by all the scientific world as a leading authority in the field of wave-mechanics. He is, however, unfortunate in the title of his present book, accounted for by the publishers in this rather cynical fashion: "The best of all book-titles is a question, and there is no doubt about the extent of interest directed perpetually upon this oldest question of all—the title of this book." Professor Schrödinger is himself a modest man, and cannot be held responsible for this pronouncement. On his first page he states that the question which he proposes to discuss is: "How can the events *in space and time* which take place within the spatial boundary of a living organism be accounted for by physics and chemistry?" The preliminary answer which this book will endeavour to expound and establish can be summarised as follows:

> The obvious inability of present-day physics and chemistry to account for such events is no reason at all for doubting that they can be accounted for by those sciences. . . . The arrangements of the atoms in the most vital parts of an organism and the interplay of these arrangements differ in a fundamental way from all those arrangements of atoms which physicists and chemists have hitherto made the object of their experimental and theoretical research. Yet the difference which I have just termed fundamental is of such a kind that it might easily appear slight to anyone except a physicist who is thoroughly imbued with the knowledge that the laws of physics and chemistry are statistical throughout.

It will be realised that to cover a discussion of this kind with the simple label, "What is Life?" is to be almost deliberately misleading. The title will secure, no doubt, a big sale for the book; and, as it is a well-informed and accurate work, that might be all to the good. But it is so specialised and technical and inevitably so full of scientific terms for which there are no alternatives in established language, that it will certainly disappoint more serious and intelligent non-scientific students than it will gladden or enlighten. Had the title page shown the sub-title only—"The Physical Aspect of the Living Cell"—all would have been well, and this scholarly and important little book would have found, as one hopes it will still find, its way into the hands of those who can appreciate it.

Research work along these lines is by no means a novelty. Professor Edmund B. Wilson, lecturing before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, over twenty years ago, on "The Physical Basis of Life"—much on the lines of Professor Schrödinger's lectures—ends, as I would end this review, by saying that the whole cell system may be involved in the production of every characteristic, but the fundamental problem remains. As Wilson said, people are ready with the time-honoured replies: "It is an act of the organism as a whole," "It is a property of the system as such," and other phrases. But for all this, in other and more simple terms: "we do not know."

Perhaps, also in Wilson's words, "there is no problem that we can formulate without talking nonsense." There is no nonsense in *What is Life?* except its title.

HARRY ROBERTS

HUMAN CASEBOOK

Good or Bad—It's Life. By ANN TEMPLE. *Nicholson and Watson.* 10s. 6d.

Twice a week Ann Temple discusses readers' personal problems in a column in the *Daily Mail* headed "The Human Casebook." Many of us—myself included—regarded this as just another newspaper stunt, faintly to be deplored, not to be taken seriously; but I think you will be converted, as I was, if you read Miss Temple's book, in which she sums up and explains her work. Into her office, at the rate of some hundred a day, pour letters which are very far from being a stunt. Not only their contents and the problems revealed in them, but the very impulse that makes a man or woman write to a total stranger about the most closely guarded personal secrets, often unknown to the nearest friends and relations, is a phenomenon peculiar to our industrial urban civilisation. The letters come from the bewildered, the maladjusted, the lonely, the desperate—most often from the lonely; and it is a comment on that civilisation that loneliness, frustration, emptiness, is so much more in evidence than in the days before people began to live crowded together in vast cities. Often the letters show the bewilderment, the sense of failure, that arises from the inability of people to find their place in the social and moral order of the modern world, or from the obstacles that are placed in their way by the times we live in. Here you see the impact upon the people you pass in the street or meet at the grocer's of the world-wide upheavals in the last twenty years. You find the problems, the mental and emotional conditions, which go beyond personality and will have their effects on any future reorganisation.

Miss Temple's qualifications for dealing with these letters, and her evident success, seem to lie mainly in her personality. She is no expert psychologist, nor does she claim to be one. She does not claim to be any kind of expert at all—although she records that once she received a letter addressed to "Ann Temple, The Human Book-case." She is, in fact, an ordinary, intelligent woman with a lot of common sense and more than the ordinary capacity for sympathy. She takes her work very seriously, and when giving advice she draws on the resources of her own life, her common sense and her capacity for sympathy. In any case she avoids direct advice if possible.

> What I try to do is to show up both sides of the question, bring to light new angles, and leave the actual decision to the reader.

Her fault is, perhaps, a tendency towards sentimentality, but it is redeemed by her obvious sincerity. With all that mass of evidence behind her, her various observations—on the blitz, evacuation, conscription of women, and so on—are of some importance. But most of all the book is interesting for its documentary value; and in these days of mathematical computation of social behaviour *à la* Gallup it is, I think, necessary at times to offset this by genuinely human documentation.

W. P. RILLA

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IT may seem strange to some of us to call iodine a mystery when so much is already known. Isn't iodine an element, vital to life and health? Isn't it true that no organism can live without it? It is the best known germicide, and for some purposes the only effective one. It is a counter-irritant, an aid in arthritis and rheumatism, a specific in the prevention of goitre. Lack of it will kill animals as well as men. Its importance is recognized and growing. Where is the mystery?

The mystery lies in what is yet to be discovered. Biochemists, veterinary surgeons, industrial scientists, working on a hundred facets of the subject find that what is already known is only the beginning. As a result of their work, iodine is playing an increasingly important part in medicine, agriculture and industry.

So many new facts have been brought to light that it has been necessary to set up an organization to disseminate the new knowledge. This organization is the IODINE EDUCATIONAL BUREAU. The services of this Bureau are available free to any industrial or commercial undertaking with an iodine problem. Write to

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Germany's Three Reichs. By EDMOND VERMEIL. *Andrew Dakers.* 18s.

Professor Vermeil needs no recommendation. He is the leading authority on Germany, to whose political, cultural and religious history he has devoted many important studies. His new book sums up his life-long experience and thought on German problems. I know of no other work, published in recent years, which gives an equally all-round interpretation of German civilisation from the Holy Roman Empire to the fall of National Socialism.

Professor Vermeil is so deeply familiar with his subject that he is able to write a few lines on Leibniz, on Bach, or on Goethe, a few pages on a political party, or a social class, without being superficial, and the reader will always be able to grasp the significance of a single phenomenon in relation to the whole. This is indeed a masterly achievement in the sociological interpretation of Germany's historic role throughout the last five centuries.

The political conclusions of the book, which deal with the possibility of a federation of Western and Central European States, are more controversial.

Week-end Competition

No. 787

Set by Fred Oyster

A curse, in not more than 200 words, against anyone or anything. Entries by March 13.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 784

Set by S. E.

The Moberly Committee allots paper, in addition to their usual quota, to publishers who can make out a good case for the exceptional value of a particular book. Competitors are invited to submit claims (in not more than 150 words) for any of the following works: *Troilus and Cressida*, *The Country Wife*, *Candide*, *Tom Jones*, *Pride and Prejudice*, Kilvert's Diary, Samuel Butler's Notebooks, Shaw's *Unpleasant Plays*, George Moore's *Confessions of a Young Man*, *Zuleika Dobson*, *South Wind*, Clive Bell's *Civilisation*, and translations of *Les Illusions Perdues* and Maupassant's stories.

Report by S. E.

The Pool Committee does, in fact, often and wisely allot paper to books on grounds purely of literary merit. But the competitors who were content with straightforward praise of their favourites were not very interesting, and I think the rather "unedifying" character of the books I chose suggested livelier possibilities. Of the entrants who seized upon these the best are Omigod, F. G. Ordish, Stanley French and Allan M. Laing, between whom the prize-money should be divided.

Dear Sirs,

Troilus and Cressida

Reference our enclosed application for the above, we beg to request priority on the following grounds:—

Category A Eng. Lit. As Shakespeare, it will be invaluable for examination purposes, thus assisting the civil resettlement of Servicemen.

Category B Polit. Its attitude towards the Greeks is in line with the Government's policy towards E.L.A.S.

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Category D Citizenship. Ulysses' speech on "primogeniture and due of birth" will offset the present *sans-culotte-ism* of the Socialists.

The publication will be included in our series "The Classics Designed to be Read as Literature." The text will be printed as one continuous piece of prose, thus economising on marginal space and relieving the reader of the disturbing effect of the irregular rhythms into which the lines, as traditionally set out, appear to fall.

We would gladly use our own paper allocation for this were it not required for the 15th reprint of "No Blankets for Miss Awkward," which, as you know, comprises the favourite reading of the B.L.A. and has the full support of the Army Council.

And oblige,
Yours faithfully,
Page and Monarch (Publishers) Ltd.
OMIGOD

Claim for additional paper allocation for purpose of publishing a work, *Candide*, by F. M. Arouet (pen-name "Voltaire").

This is a simple adventure story which will appeal to a wide public. At the same time it has a high propaganda value for governments in time of trouble or in need of support. In spite of apparent adversity in the State everything is shown to be for the best in the best of possible worlds. It is thus an admirable antidote for alarm and despondency.

The hero's adventures cover many countries. High and low suffer the consequences of their misdeeds without favour; even an English admiral pays the supreme penalty.

Finally the hero and heroine settle in the country and make a propaganda point for the Ministry's "Grow More Food" campaign in a strong exhortation to cultivate one's garden. F. G. ORDISH

Messrs. Balderdash apply for additional paper for three books on current social problems, viz.:—

1. *Tom Jones.*—The appointment of a committee to enquire into existing arrangements for the welfare of orphans, which is exciting much public interest, makes essential the immediate publication of this invaluable study by an experienced magistrate of the dangers and difficulties encountered by a foundling deprived of a sound upbringing in an efficient institution.

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3. *The Country Wife.*—A scathing exposure of London immorality showing the need to plan for purity. STANLEY FRENCH

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With its morals:
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It is deemed harmless even by the Wallasey Public Libraries Committee.

Cabinet Ministers (Liberals and Tories)
Have preferred it to detective stories,
While bishops, not against the grain,
Habitually read it in the train

A final argument "for"
Is, that it doesn't mention the War;
And, so far from being unpleasantly acid,
It is delightfully placid.

If, through literary sedition,
This work is denied a new edition,
I am prepared to make things gritty
For the Moberly Committee.

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